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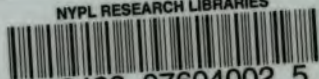
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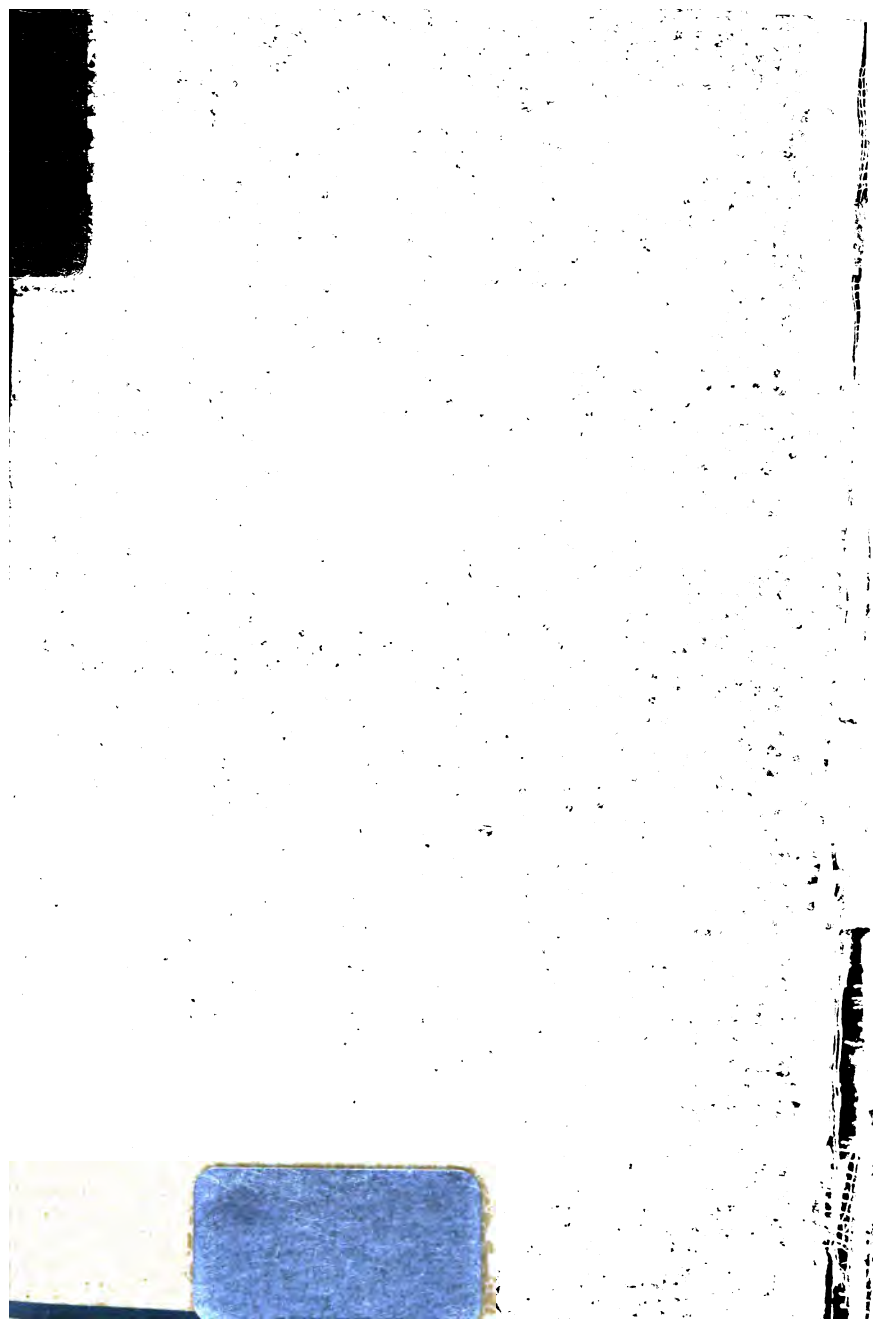
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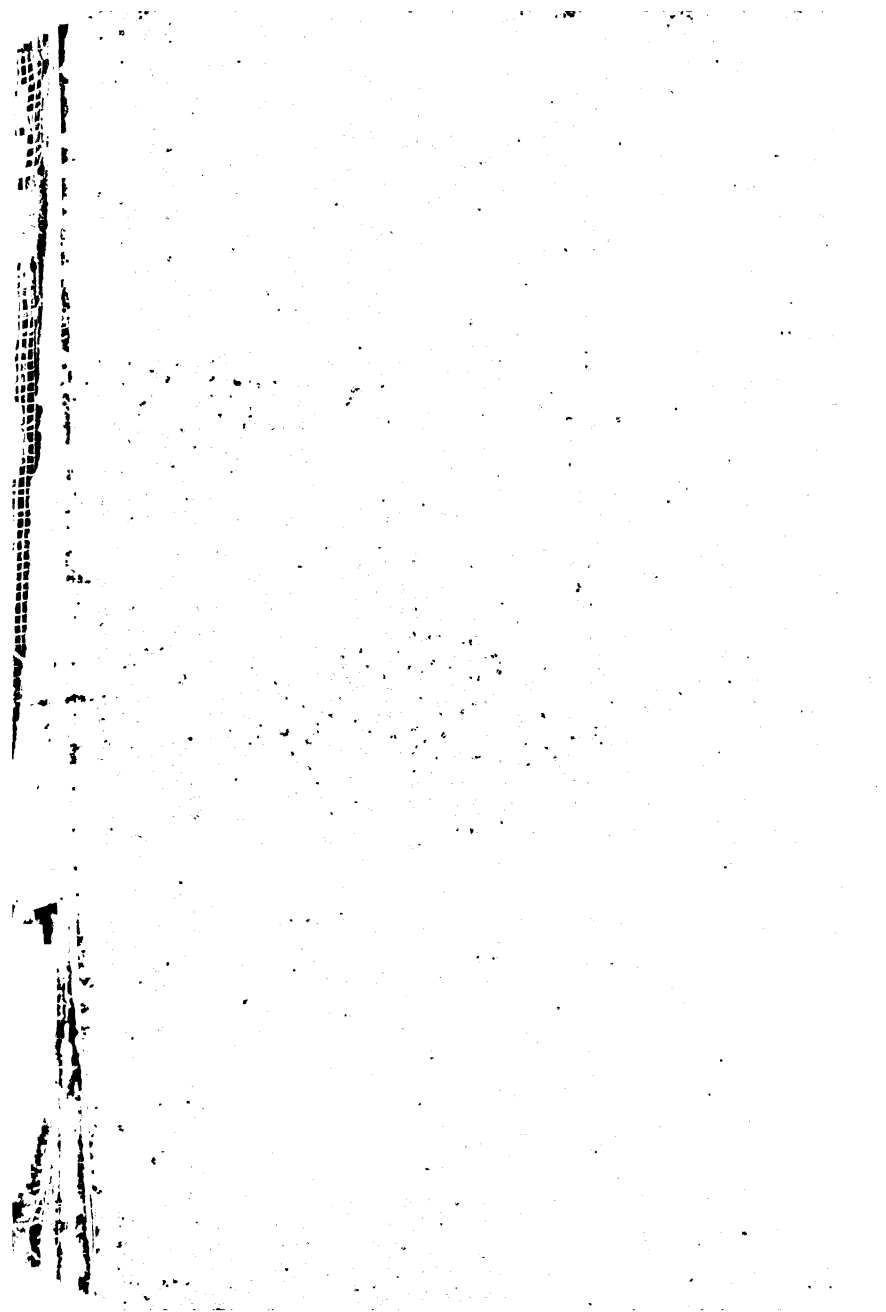
# BOTHEMIA

AND OTHER

# POEMS







*A. G. Tring, americana*

17  
Pro



# BOHEMIA

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
ISABELLA T. AITKEN.

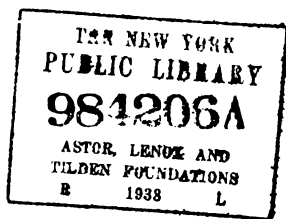


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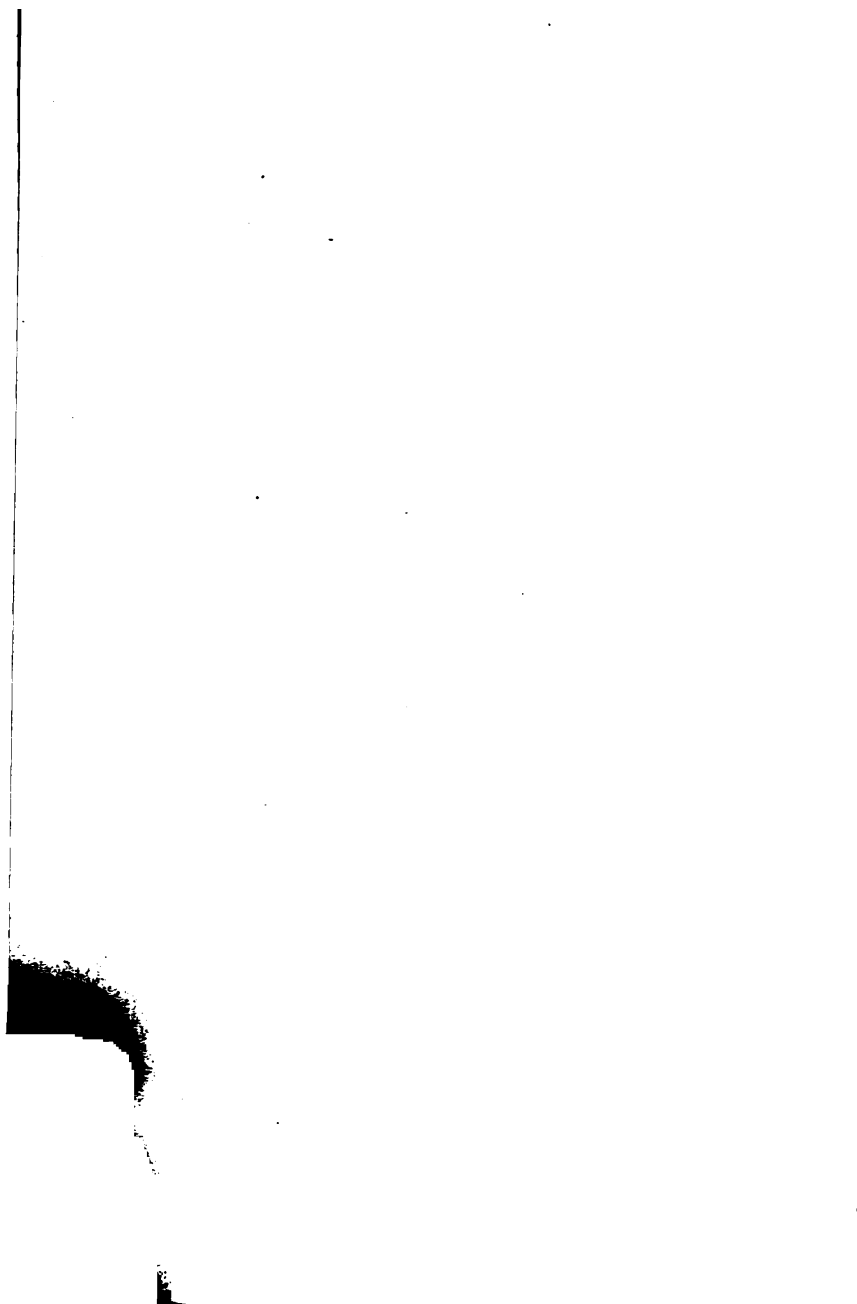


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# BOHEMIA AND OTHER POEMS.

---

## BOHEMIA.

WHERE shall I go to find real, true Bohemia?  
Seek it not here, 'mid the glitter of gold;  
Wealth does not grow on the shores of Bohemia;  
Fame only lingers its realms to unfold.

Who shall I find in the shades of Bohemia?  
Beings untinged by society's stern laws;  
Mortals whose aim is unfettered, pure nature,  
Heedless alike of earth's blame or applause.

What shall I see in the land of Bohemia?  
Noble souls striving for freedom of thought;  
Wonderful units, with brains ever active,  
Brimful of hope, yet with cares ever fraught.

Who are the natures who haunt true Bohemia?  
Those whose high souls from society rebel;  
Those whom the earth-hovering, narrow, vain natures  
Cannot control, yet they cannot dispel.



Easy Bohemia; dear, free Bohemia,  
Oft, ere I knew the dear charm of thy name,  
I felt despondent, careworn, and heart-sore;  
Now I have found thee, I echo thy fame.

Who shall be saved from this same wild Bohemia?  
Christ, the immaculate, chose his few friends  
From the mixed sphere 'twixt the saint and the  
outcast;  
Who dares revile when the Blessed One descends?

Give me on earth my dear friends from Bohemia,  
Women and men not angelic, but true;  
Give me in heaven my tried friends in Bohemia,  
My earth-born life I shall then never rue.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

IMMORTAL Poet, whose undying muse

Fresh lustre gains each slow-revolving year;  
Who can with thoughtless hand thy pages turn,  
Or scan thy fated life without a tear?  
The mellow touch of Time thy faults gild o'er;  
Thou art more honored than thou wert of yore.

Had thy young infancy been blest with peace,

Thy childhood's aspiration met with care;  
Had thy impetuous manhood, in its dawn,  
Been linked with one who thy proud heart could  
share,

Higher had been thy life's poetic sway,  
And longer on this earth thy spirit's stay.

And yet it might not; souls like thine are born

To conquer others, not to bear their rule.  
Despotic sovereign! governing by thy pen,  
Yet in thine empire thou thyself a tool;  
Torn by the conflict of thine own despair,  
By every scandal-breath which stirred the air.

10      *TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.*

O Byron! none should judge thee save the few  
Who, born in thine own nature, feel thy wrongs.  
O poet-soul! whose heart-wrung agonies  
Have in ecstatic breathings burst in songs.  
Byron, had lesser genius crowned thy fame,  
Not now had mourning patriots blessed thy name.

O slandered bard! stung by a heedless crowd  
Of half-unlettered serfs, who deemed thee vile;  
How few in that same horde were blessed with  
thought

To judge between thy glory and thy guile!  
'Reft of the plaudits of unfeeling men,  
Thou sought sardonic vengeance in thy pen.

One day the idol of the envious crowd,  
The cherished bard of an unthinking world;  
The next the victim of unguarded wrong,  
The brilliant mark for open slanders hurled.  
What wonder that thy heart, with rancor stung,  
In sarcasm's keen page avenged thy wrong!

Impassioned poet! hadst thou been a man  
Undowered by inspiration, thy half-crimes  
Had fallen scathless on thy untried head,  
And been forgotten now in those stern climes;  
But genius such as thine must bear stern tax,  
A scape-goat for inferior sinners lax.

O Byron! none dare judge thee but the few  
Who all thy kindred sufferings have felt;  
Who at the shrine of love have knelt with thee,  
And at the feet of agony have knelt.  
O poet-soul! who bore in thy racked frame  
The sufferings of all who shared thy name.

Had thy life flowed, like Wordsworth's, calmly on,  
Like his insipid musings might have been  
The glorious outbursts of thy reckless muse,  
Which foams and sparkles like an endless stream.  
Powers such as thine must bear the furnace flame;  
Undying genius leaves no light-earned name.

What could the selfish hirelings, who dared speak,  
Wreak of the sufferings of thy dual mind?  
One moment bathed in love's pure ecstasy,  
The next impelled by frenzied passion blind.  
Exulting pity might have shed one téar  
O'er the shorn glory of thy foreign bier.

And she who knew thee not, yet bore thy name,  
Might o'er thy pristine glory have revealed  
One passionate appeal for errors past,  
Yet that one yearning outburst was concealed.  
O coldly, calmly, deadly pure the heart  
Which in thy untimely death could share no part.



12      *TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.*

O Byron! soul of Genius, Time's sure hand  
    Around thy memory gathering glories shed;  
Not unforgotten shall thy life-works be,  
    Each year entwines fresh laurels o'er thy head.  
Thy faults forgotten leave thy glories free,—  
Undying poet, nations bend to thee.

## FIRESIDE REVERIES.

'Tis not the features make the face,  
'Tis life, 'tis soul, 'tis varying grace;  
The plainest being may be fair,  
If but the loving soul shines there;  
The loveliest face may turn as cold,  
If Satan framed its beauteous mould;  
And sin shines through its azure eyes,  
Who looks and loves it surely dies.  
Give me the kind, the winning, face,  
The heart that makes each gesture grace,  
The ready smile, yet rarely seen,  
Yet when it comes no sunny gleam  
Could be more sweet, more rarely bright,—  
Like starlight in the darkest night.  
That smile, that face, those sunny eyes  
Might make this earth seem Paradise.  
Away with beauty's chiselled style,  
The beauteous doll can ne'er beguile  
The heart that 'neath the surface looks  
For soul, e'en though that soul rebukes  
The ardent gaze with which we greet  
The being formed for converse sweet.

Give me the face that holds a soul,  
The face that can its thoughts control,  
Yet, all expressive, that can tell  
The thoughts that make its bosom swell  
Without the aid of uttered tone,—  
The eye the messenger alone.  
Oh, give me beauty of the heart,  
'Twill shine when other charms depart;  
And give me beauty of the soul,  
'Twill lead me upward to that goal  
Where seraphs veil their features bright,  
And souls will shine in heaven's own light.

## KISSES.

THE kiss paternal is a solemn kiss,  
Gentle and of admonitory tone;  
The kiss fraternal is more fearful still,  
And does not always come from love alone.  
The kiss connubial means contented love,  
Too commonplace to generate much thought;  
The kiss Platonic is much better still,—  
It means there's fervor in the giver's will.  
A lover's kiss is terrible in length;  
Thank heaven! 'tis not so terrible in strength.

**LILLEY THE BLUE-BEARD.**

- L. LILLEY, what kind of lily art thou, pray?  
I. I ween a tiger one, alas the day!  
L. Lilies were once the Saviour's cherished flower:  
L. Lilleys are now the scandal of the hour.  
E. Esteem, remember, does not rest on lies,  
Y. You priestly muddler of domestic ties.

## TO THE LUNAR RAINBOW.

CELESTIAL arch that spans the vaulted space  
Of heaven's primeval dome, the varying grace  
Of thy triumphal, rare, and trembling form—  
Thou glorious harbinger of Winter's storm—  
Must fill the wondering soul that looks on thee  
With fear, awe-struck at heaven's sublimity.  
Alone, athwart the midnight vault of blue,  
Thy glorious arch arrests the gazer's view;  
Spell-bound he looks upon thy mystic beam,  
The finger of Omnipotence is seen.  
Alone thou span'st the heavens a bow of love  
To illuminate the higher orbs above.  
Unlike thy brilliant sister of the sun,  
Thou lov'st the calm of night when day is done;  
Nor seek'st to dazzle in her gorgeous beams.  
Enough for thee to mirror back the gleams  
Of Cynthia,—thy lovely heaven-born Queen.  
Celestial thou, the offspring of her gleam,  
Bright visitant of heaven, thy stay is brief.  
Thy mother Luna pales for very grief  
At thy short life,—a meteoric hour,  
And what is left of thy transcendent power,

The pale, faint, dreamy shadow of thy light,  
A melancholy beauty poured on night.  
Ó glorious rainbow, silvery thy ray,  
More gently holy than the arch of day.  
Spanning thy starred domain from east to west,  
Thou transitory Monarch, earth is blest  
To catch the far-off shadow of thy light,  
Ere swallowed in the jewelled mask of night.  
Hail, transient orb, celestial radiance thou  
Dost wear upon thy heavenly-tinted brow.  
The timid stars, bewildered with thy light,  
Sink slumbering into their parent night,  
And thou art left alone with Luna Queen,  
To radiate creation with thy gleam.  
Yet, as I gaze, thy beauty seems to fade,  
Thy silver zone assumes a paler shade;  
And it is with a pang of sudden pain  
I view thy lustrous glory on the wane.  
Couldst thou not nightly, with thy parent Moon,  
Illuminate the heavens, a priceless boon?  
But thou art all too merciful to stay,  
Knowing the clouds that lurk beneath thy ray.  
Live in thy snow-girt sphere, thou beauteous  
    bow,  
Yet oft return to grace our world below,  
O'er which you now hold universal sway;  
Bright-tinted rainbow, heaven shines in thy ray.

**THE BULRUSH AND THE REED.**

Close by the margin of a rapid stream

A Bulrush and a Reed grew side by side;  
They watched alike the silvery moonlight gleam,  
They felt alike the lucid waters glide.

The Bulrush grew erect, of stature tall,  
Towering aloft its straight and noble form;  
A plant too strong to dread a sudden fall,  
Or bend beneath a wild, tempestuous storm.

The Reed was pliant as a quivering leaf  
Which bent and fluttered with each breeze that blew;  
It even seemed to find a sweet relief,  
When gently stirred, as peacefully it grew.

There came at last a wild, terrific storm;  
The surging waters rose in swelling wave;  
The Bulrush stood erect, with steadfast form;  
It dreaded not its coming watery grave.

It bore untouched the tumult of the wind;  
Unflinchingly it stood the batt'ring rain;  
It felt there was a lull somewhere behind,  
And never would it yield to present pain.



Snap suddenly it might, struck by a foe,  
Rent and dissevered by unequal power;  
But never would it yield, save to one blow,  
Or quiver to the storm one single hour.

The pliant Reed bent to the stormy wave;  
Deeper it bowed as wilder grew the storm;  
It feared the nearing precincts of its grave,  
And yet it could not raise its feeble form.

Higher the waters rose in wrathful mood;  
Lower the Reed bent down in mournful plight;  
Soon it was hidden in the turbid flood,  
And lost forever in the shade of night.

The gale was o'er; it dawned a peaceful morn;  
Calm and upright the Bulrush stood apart;  
Its feathery plume in many a shred was torn;  
Its battered stem reflected many a dart.

It had not all the grace of yesterday;  
And yet that storm-tried Rush more beauteous  
seemed

Than all the blooming plants of gorgeous ray  
Around the pebbly strand that brightly gleamed.

The Reed had vanished, torn from friendly stem;  
Its liquid home remembered it no more.  
Read me the emblem in this mystic gem;  
The Bulrush and the Reed you've seen before.

## CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,"  
All hail thy name, illustrious "Scott"?  
While Britain lives thou'rt not forgot;  
While Britons live their theme might be,  
Lived e'er a man more great than thee?  
Who wrote in glowing strains of one  
Till then by critics harsh undone,  
Of beauteous Mary, Scotia's Queen,  
Till even Loch Leven seemed to gleam  
With shadowy phantoms of her face,  
In all its soul-enchanting grace.  
Who ever visits Ellen's Isle,  
Without imagining Ellen's smile?  
Who ever trod the silver strand,  
Nor heard her foot-fall on the sand?  
Loch Ard and Trossachs, well mayst thou  
Wave laurels o'er thy poet's brow.  
Had he not sung, in melting tale,  
The glories of Monteith's fair vale,  
Thou mightst have been e'en yet unknown,  
Save to thy countrymen alone.

But now, even world-wide is thy name,  
Thanks to great Scott's immortal fame;  
And "Melrose," who thy walls can view,  
Unless when darkness shades the blue;  
When the pale moon-beam gilds each stone,  
And throws o'er all her silvery zone?  
'Twas then Scott loved to view thy tower,—  
He knew the moonlight's witching power.  
Unhappy Clara weaves a spell  
Still round the depths of Ronan's well.  
Poor Cleveland and his fated bride,  
With Norna, Brenda, side by side,  
Throw round the sea-girt Shetland Isle  
A halo time can ne'er beguile.  
Each holly bush, methinks, can tell  
Dreams of the maid of Avenel.  
Of all brave Scotland's sons thou'rt one  
To whom praise cannot be o'erdone.  
Great as a poet in thine age,  
Unrivalled thou in history's page.  
Ah, well thou knew'st the ways of men;  
The dryest subject from thy pen  
Seemed kindled by thy native fire,—  
O Scott, what couldst thou not inspire?  
No true-born British heart can hear  
Thy thrilling war-tones greet his ear,  
Without his heart responsive beat

To those heroic strains so sweet.  
No man for Scotland e'er did more;  
Thy name resounds from shore to shore.  
Patriot and poet, both wert thou,—  
Majestic thought lived in thy brow.  
What man e'er wrote so much, and yet  
So full of pathos, depth, and wit?  
Thy pen could vivify each theme;  
O'er darkest subject throw a gleam  
Of thine own deep poetic zeal  
Till even the bluntest brain might feel  
That in thee breathed scarce mortal power,—  
Star of a nation's brightest hour.  
Thy works, though numerous, were sublime;  
No passion-breathing word of thine  
Could make the purest being blush;  
No other author e'er could rush  
So deeply to the nation's heart,—  
All classes claim in thee a part.  
Oh for a touch of thine own fire  
To strike the key-note of my lyre.  
Poor though this simple offering be,  
Unworthy such a theme as thee,  
Immortal Scott, when Scotia's shore  
Re-echoes to thy name no more,  
May glory leave this hallowed Isle,  
Sink in the dust her vanquished smile.

**WHAT I SAW IN THE CHURCH-YARD.**

ONE night I passed by the church-yard gate,  
Cold was the air, the hour was late;  
When all of a sudden I saw a light  
That well-nigh blinded my frightened sight.  
'Twas a corpse, light blue, from an open tomb,  
I knew by the way it lighted the gloom;  
Three white ghosts, in their grave-clothes old,  
Danced all around on the open mould.

I held me still as the very death,  
For I feared they might seize my living breath;  
But they passed me by, nor a look me gave;  
They flitted away to a new-made grave.  
A coffin lay deep in the miry clay;  
They tore off the lid and shrieked this lay:  
"He is dead at last, so on we may go;  
Whirl him down to the flames below!"

On the next new tomb did the snow-drops wave,  
As the emblem of hope, o'er the infant's grave.  
They opened it up with their talon claws,—  
Nothing could hide from their ravenous jaws.

But an angel flew down from the midnight sky,  
And back the ghosts fled with a direful cry:  
"Haste we away, 'tis a cherub's grave!  
Demons can't touch where the angels save."

The next new tomb those ghosts did see  
Was a great wide hole near a cypress-tree.  
I saw, as they neared me, their fleshless bone,  
And the skull in whose sockets no eyeballs shone.  
The shining stars from the heavens did fly,  
A darkness dim overspread the sky,  
The big grave gaped; with a fearful yell,  
The ghosts fled back to their home in hell.

## TO —.

AND thou art dead; and there was no one near  
To wipe the death-damp from thy placid face.  
And thou art gone; already in the grave  
Is hid thy form of manliness and grace.  
Death gave thee little warning in the end;  
To thee he was a soul-seducing friend.

And thou art dead; and yet I can recall  
Each thrilling glance of thy soul-searching eye;  
Each well-remembered word, each treasured sigh;  
Yet thou art gone, ah, wherefore didst thou die?  
Too soon, alas! the fatal summons came,  
That stole away thy life's expiring flame.

And thou art dead; will many mourn thy death?  
Swift hast thou in the end gone from our view.  
Thine was a nature of impulses strange,—  
Too few, alas! thy best intentions knew.  
Had Death but let his fatal arrow wait,  
I had not now been mourning for thy fate.

And thou art dead; oh, death to thee was hard;

Age had not dimmed the lustre of thine eye;

Thy dark locks were unmingled, and thy brow

Unwrinkled as in childhood's infancy.

Oh, wherefore didst thou steal away his breath

So suddenly, thou fell destroyer, Death?

And thou art dead; and whither have they laid

What now remains of thy once noble form?

Beneath the grassy turf thine ashes rest,

Swept by the gentle breeze or blasting storm.

At midnight, when my slumbering fancies rave,

Thy deep-toned voice re-echoes from the grave.



## THE PLEASURES OF NATURE.

Oh, tell me not of festive haunts,  
Of gay, voluptuous scenes ;  
And ask me not to visit such,  
I hate them even in dreams.  
I've pleasures which ye know not of,  
And which ye ne'er can know,  
For they are of celestial birth,  
Revealed to few below.

Know ye the joy that waits on those  
To whom sweet nature yields  
The secret treasures of her soul,  
The riches of her fields?  
Know ye the spell she weaves around  
Those few who win her love?  
To me it seems a shadow  
Of the land that lies above.

Feel ye a bond of sympathy  
With every beauteous flower?  
Feel ye a touch of sadness when  
They feel the tempest's shower?

Or when the gladdening sunshine  
Succeeds the mournful rain,  
Dost thou feel a thrill of gladness  
When the flowerets smile again?

In the early summer morning,  
From the daisies, wet with dew,  
The skylark, bursting with his song,  
Flies to the realms of blue.  
Do you feel his wild note, singing,  
Wake an echo in thine heart  
As with sympathetic gladness  
You behold his upward start?

Does the blackbird in the gloaming,  
The nightingale at night,  
Soothe and enrapture all thy thoughts  
With wild yet pure delight?  
Does the raven's croak alarm thee,  
The screech-owl's mournful wail  
Bring upward to thy memory's eye  
Some melancholy tale?

Seek ye the pathway in the wood  
When sunset's glories fade,  
Ere darkness overshadows all  
The wonders of the glade?

Hear'st thou the music in the wood,  
The language of the trees,  
The whispering of each fluttering leaf  
Float on the evening breeze?

Read ye a language in the stars  
That gem the shades of night?  
Do they not speak of other worlds  
Beyond our narrow sight?  
For thee in rare effulgency  
Bright Luna sheds her beams,  
And can thy heart unsoftened feel  
Those spirit-quivering gleams?

Dost thou in the moonlight wander  
By the ocean's rocky cave,  
And listen to the murmur  
Of the wildly-dashing wave?  
Does the saddening fancy seize thee,  
As you watch each silver wave,  
That, perchance, each snowy billow  
Has o'erswept a sailor's grave?

Yes, there's a language in the flowers,  
A language in the trees,  
A meaning in each insect voice  
That echoes in the breeze.

A message to each earnest heart  
Has every bird of air;  
Majestic ocean has its voice,  
Each river sighs a prayer.

So leave me to my chosen joys,  
They never can give pain;  
Pure is their source, so purer still  
They leave my heart again.  
The world of fashion's naught to one  
Who lives in nature's love;  
'Tis all on earth that truly links  
Our hearts to scenes above.

## ON THE DEATH OF ABDUL AZIZ.

(Sultan of Turkey.)

STAMBOUL, again thy walls serene I see,  
Thy seven hills, fair Istamboul, I view.  
Bathed in the midnight moon, thy minarets gleam,  
Reflected in thy water's depthless blue.

Fair Istamboul, what woes thy walls have seen!  
What records of despair thy domes conceal!  
Blood and oppression taint thy gilded halls:  
What could thy palace caverns not reveal!

Another crime is added to thy shame:  
Made by his country's laws a faithless spouse,  
Made by his nation's creed a despot king,  
Why visit on his head their broken vows?

Shorn of his glory, low the monarch lies,  
Steeped in his blood, shed by a dastard hand;  
How few will know who took his fated life  
And left another blood-stain on the land!

Stern Moslem, dark the records of thy creed,  
Blood-stained the banners of thy conquering band;  
The Crescent must ere long its glories yield,  
The Cross unfurl its standard o'er the land.

Back to thine old domain, thy day is done!  
Servia, let loose thy warriors to the fight!  
Grecians, arise! throw off thy hated yoke,  
Under the Cross assert thine ancient right.

Too long beneath the fatal Moslem sway  
Hast thou in mock allegiance bent thy head;  
Methinks its ruined greatness might proclaim  
That Mahomet's fell creed were well-nigh dead.

Rise in combined and glorious array;  
Meet in one common cause, the day is thine.  
Throw off the tyrant yoke, the Moslem sway:  
Perish the *Crescent*, live the *Cross* divine.

## HOW SOULS ARE MADE.

I WANTED to know how the soul was made  
And when it first entered the infant's frame.  
One evening I dreamed that to heaven I went,  
And saw that all souls were not fashioned the  
same.

Some were made out of the radiant sparks  
Which were emitted from Deity's glance;  
Some were made out of the lesser rays  
Which glimmer around heaven's blessed expanse.

I saw a bright angel of wondrous form  
Stooping before the fair jasper sea;  
He was intent on some marvellous work,  
And he never observed a stray unit like me.

"What are you doing, bright angel fair?"  
"Moulding new souls for some bodies down there.  
Five thousand new infants come forth this night,  
And the souls can't be ready till dawn of light."

"I will help you, fair angel, to mould some souls;  
Five thousand will take a long while to make.  
Here are some half finished from yesterday,  
Mould them over again for fear of mistake."

"No," said the angel, "these half-fashioned souls  
Will do for the infants who die when they're  
born;

'Tis not worth while to make a whole soul  
When I know 'twill be here again safe before  
morn."

By the dawn of the sun the souls were all made,  
And the rays flew down with electric speed;  
Then the sunbeams were filled with the new-formed  
souls  
To gladden the babes in their new-found need.

Then the angel was tired of his glorious work,  
So he folded around him his snow-white wings  
And sat down in the shade of the tree of life,  
Where the music of heaven forever sings.



**A DAY'S DIARY IN THE INFERNAL  
REGIONS.**

OLD Pluto sat on his brimstone throne,  
In the midst of his lurid sphere ;  
By his side sat the radiant Proserpine  
In flaming, flaunting gear.

All round his throne were attendant fiends,  
Wondrous devils of negro hue,  
Of every shape conceivable,  
And eyes of unholy blue.

Some waited upon the Satanic king,  
And served him his supper too ;  
His plate was gold of a red-hot glow,  
And his food was a human stew.

He supped, and called for the final dish,—  
'Twas a horrible mess to see,—  
Six human hearts roasted in agony,  
And the tongues of other three.

The devil chuckled, "Now this is grand,  
A steaming, well-seasoned repast ;  
I could eat the same fare every day,  
If people would come here as fast."

He washed down the food with a glass of tears,  
Caught fresh from a suicide's eye.  
"Ha! ha!" sang the devil, in fiendish glee,  
"What a pleasure when sinners die!"

When done with his food he began to smoke,  
And he smoked his pipe alone;  
The bowl was formed of an infant's skull,  
The stem was a human bone.

Then he called for his records of the day:  
The ponderous book was brought;  
The roving fiends now gathered around  
To announce the works they had wrought.

The first began, "This morn I flew  
Swift up to the regions of air;  
I entered unseen an humble home,  
And I noticed a matron there.

"By her side lay an infant of tender age:  
I entered her body unseen;  
In an instant I maddened her weakened brain,—  
I left not one lucid gleam.

"She seized on her helpless innocent  
And strangled its little form;  
Then she murdered herself with a flashing blade,—  
I rejoiced o'er the mangled form."

"Good!" said the devil; "good, well done!  
Mark that down in our diary here.  
Now stand forth, number two, and let us know  
What you were doing up there."

"I winged my way in noiseless flight  
Swift over the ocean blue;  
A good ship sailed on that placid sea,—  
I longed to engulf her crew.

"I breathed, and lo! in terrific waves  
Fierce boiled that peaceful sea;  
Down went the ship with its goodly crew,  
And I laughed at their agony."

"Good!" said the devil; "well done! well done!  
Put that down in our diary here.  
Now stand forth, number three, and let us know  
What you were doing up there."

"I winged my way, like the rest, above;  
I entered a spacious domain;  
I knew by the taint of the heavy air  
Some inmate was suffering pain.

"On a gorgeous couch lay the dying saint,  
But I saw she was past our power;  
She was one of Jehovah's satellites,  
Who will wander to heaven some hour.

"As I could not touch her sinless soul,  
I racked her trembling frame  
With more malignant suffering,  
More horrible throes of pain.

"And I laughed when her sorrowing family  
Gathered round her in grievous pain.  
I made one of them take a convulsive fit,  
Which shook her trembling frame."

"Good!" said the devil, "but not enough.  
To-morrow go forth once more,  
And bring back a fiercer catalogue  
Than ever you've done before.

"Number four, stand forth, and let us hear  
What you this day have done."

"I entered an earthly judgment court  
To see a queer case begun.

"The criminals stood in the narrow dock,  
Two men and a woman fair;  
Justice to those who are half condemned  
Is unfinished when I am there.

"I poisoned the jury's useless brains  
With ideas fierce and vile.  
A verdict for threefold guilt they found,  
And two were free from guile.

"All were committed for murder foul,  
And only one did the deed:  
So I have cursed two lives to-day,  
Have caused two hearts to bleed."

"Good!" said the devil, "but not enough;  
Get a few more souls here to-morrow.  
I am wearying to have a carnival,  
A dance of remorse and sorrow."

Many more friends were summoned to tell  
The deeds of that by-gone day;  
But we dare not wait to recount those deeds,  
We have other strange things to say.

Next morning there was a scene in hell,  
A scene for some time rare,—  
An earthly queen was ushered in,  
And she was wondrous fair.

She bore in her person the blasted fates  
Of hundreds of well-born men;  
The fates of women hung o'er her too  
Beyond all human ken.

Pluto got up from his brimstone throne  
And bowed low to the regal guest;  
Queen Proserpine court'sied in mock respect:  
She deemed courtesy the best.

Scarce had the queen been placed in state  
When a king came tumbling down ;  
He dropped in such haste from his earthly throne  
That he knocked off his kingly crown.

"King," said the devil, "I welcome you ;  
I will give you some right good cheer.  
Why, you are the brightest ornament  
We have had for many a year.

"Thanks for the hundreds you've sent down here ;  
I quite honor your catholic creed.  
You and the queen at your right-hand side  
Have helped to appease my greed.

"Now we shall have our dance to-nights  
Our carnival must begin.  
Ring for the music, sound the drums,  
The prelude for grief and sin."

Ten little black devils began to play  
On horns of jet-black hue ;  
Ten large black devils began to drum,  
And ten others began to brew.

Pluto got hold of the fair earth queen  
And led her into the dance ;  
The king took the glowing Proserpine,—  
How the flames did her charms enhance !

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Round they whirled in the mazy waltz,  
Round in the circling flames,  
Faster they flew to the maddening sounds  
Of the devil's melodious strains.

Only once they stopped, and it was to taste  
A sip of the hell-brewed ale ;  
The king emitted a flame of fire,  
And the fair queen's cheek grew pale.

The whole of the demons began to drink :  
One sip sent them dancing too ;  
Soon all the inmates of Pluto's sphere  
Were whirling before his view.

I left them whirling and waltzing all round,  
And shrieking in discord wild ;  
Not one single devil was sitting still :  
Old Pluto was getting riled.

He thundered for silence, but none gave heed ;  
The faster the arch-fiends spun ;  
In terror I flew to the entrance gate :  
I had plenty of Pluto's fun.

Ne'er will I seek to explore the shades  
Of the darker realms of fate ;  
I will take my flights to brighter sights,  
And for the future wait.

TO THE ROCK-ROSE GATHERED ON  
ARTHUR'S SEAT.

You've torn me away from my mountain home,  
From my bed in the bare gray stone,  
And I pine for the grasp of its sheltering care  
As I mournfully weep here alone.

I miss the wild touch of the passing breeze  
As it sweeps o'er the green hill-side,  
And I yearn for the drops of the summer rain  
Which over the gray rocks glide.

I miss the wild hum of the busy bee  
As it flies from flower to flower;  
The bee is the flower's love-messenger,  
And brought us news each hour.

I gave my heart to the sweet wild thyme  
Which grew near my rocky home;  
Say, does the wild thyme sigh for me?  
Does he hear my weary moan?



44    *TO THE ROCK-ROSE ON ARTHUR'S SEAT.*

The blue-eyed speedwell loved me too:

Will his blue eye shed a tear?

As he hears my fate from the wandering bee,

Will he sigh for my distant bier?

I hear not the song of the gay skylark

As he yearns to reach the sky;

I used to worship his glorious strains,

And now I must listen and die.

The gentle touch of the evening dew

Falls no more on the poor rock-rose;

It used to moisten my golden cup,

And refresh my night's repose.

And the soft bright ray of the evening star

Shone down on my breezy nest,

Then the dew-drops glanced on my tender buds

While I lay in my peaceful rest.

I had not a care in my native home:

I had food and air and love,

And I had the glorious light of heaven,

And the breezes from realms above.

And you've brought me to die in this narrow sphere,

For my life is fast ebbing away;

This soil cannot nourish my pining frame,

I will die in another day.

**TO THE ROCK-ROSE ON ARTHUR'S SEAT. 45**

Messenger-bee, on thy wandering wing,  
    Bid farewell to my fair friend flowers;  
Tell them in dying I thought of them,  
    And their love cheered my last sad hours.

Tell them the prayer of the wild rock-rose,  
    Oh, tell them her parting refrain,  
For never again to her native home  
    Will the rock-rose return again.

## POETS MUST MOURN.

POETS are born to mourn ; a keener sense  
Of every feeling underlies their life  
Than is vouchsafed to minds of lesser power,  
Therefore their earthly journey's full of strife.

Love is to the poetic mind a need,—  
A part of its creation and its food,—  
Ideal if material can't be found,  
If both combined, the combination's good.

Sadness and madness next take up their part :  
Both have their dwelling in the poet's mind.  
Frenzy comes first, then sorrow in its train ;  
Sometimes there are both qualities entwined.

Keen sympathies for human faults and pains,  
Tears for the woes, smiles for the glad in heart ;  
Cold worldly natures cannot pierce those depths,  
Poetic insight does such light impart.

Keen suffering, rapt pleasures, joyful bliss,  
Heaven-soaring flights, hell-maddening scorching  
woe,  
Divine-taught inspiration, earth-taught pain,  
That is the poet's portion here below.

## CONSUMPTION.

Oh! who art thou, with slow, insidious pace  
And hues that poison while they lend a grace?  
Bright-eyed disease, upon thy deadly face  
I trace the doom that chains thy fated race.  
O fell destroyer, wherefore dost thou hide  
Beneath thy beauteous bloom a darker side?  
Why tinge that sunken cheek with roseate hue,  
While underneath the worm is gnawing through?  
Why pour such fearful lustre o'er that eye,  
Which, like the meteor, shineth but to die?  
Why wander in such garments, dismal Death?  
Such beauty suits not with thy noisome breath.  
Why clothe thy fatal purpose with such charms?  
Is it to cause thy victim no alarms?  
But no! thou canst not hide thy hollow tone,  
The grave re-echoes in each weary moan;  
The cough that vibrates with the bosom's swell,  
Precursor of thy victim's funeral knell.  
O dark Consumption, who can stand thy storm?  
Why come not in thine own sepulchral form?  
But aping, as thou dost, the hues of health,  
Unseen thou seek'st the vital parts by stealth;

There thy rapacious hunger dost thou feed,  
Till Death devours the remnant of thy greed.  
'Tis not the aged whom thou seek'st alone ;  
Thy taste is all fastidious in its tone ;  
The young and beautiful are thine by choice ;  
In secret o'er their brightness you rejoice,  
Knowing that all too soon 'twill fade away,  
Leaving behind the blackness of decay.  
I know thy symptoms all, thou dark disease,  
Think not to lure me with thy form to please :  
'Tis thine the brilliancy of rosy light,  
And thine, alas ! the cheek of changing white ;  
'Tis thine the step of lingering decay,  
Thine the deep beauty of departing day ;  
For as the last remaining gleam of light  
Leaves its faint shadow on the stream of night,  
Disclosing ere it brightly glides away  
The gloom of night that sleepeth on the day,  
So even to the last, the chilly hour,  
Thou hold'st thy victim in thy dreamy power,  
Slowly declining,—fading from our sight ;  
Within, a tomb ; without, a seraph bright.  
Death comes at last to quench the vital flame ;  
Yet even in death thou'rt beautiful,—the same.

THE WOOD-SORREL.

THOU peerless little woodland flower  
    'Mid all thy sisters bright,  
Thou stand'st aloof, a tiny thing,  
    In hues of pencilled white.

Beneath the dark wood's hidden path  
    Thy chosen couch is spread,  
And moonlight glances visit thee  
    Upon thy mossy bed.

The spirit of the woodland shade  
    Comes with the evening gray,  
And folds each glancing trefoiled leaf  
    Till the return of day.

The tear-drop sparkling from her eye  
    Yet slumbered as it fell,  
And took the shape of one pure drop  
    Of dew to wet thy cell.

Of all the gems thy sovereign queen,  
    Fair Flora, hath bespread,  
None can excel thee in thy grace,  
    Though by rare odors fed.

For matchless purity of form  
And loveliness of hue,  
Thou art the queen, pure little flower,  
Bathed in the evening dew.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

HUSHED are the sounds of Nature; even the flow  
Of rapid stream is sunk in dreamless sleep;  
Beasts of the forest, warblers of the heavens,  
Listen in rapture to that music deep.

Divine Orpheus, from whose magic touch  
Sweet melodies along the lyre-strings float,  
Has charmed the denizens of earth and air,  
To pause enraptured with each heavenly note.

Attendant nymphs move round in mazy dance,  
Allured by melody, attuned by love;  
For none of those rapt Orpheus feels or cares,  
Save when Eurydice comes forth to rove.

Eurydice can weave a potent spell  
Even o'er divinity; her eyes instilled  
Sweet, subtle influence of mystic power  
O'er Orpheus, whom she governed as she willed.

Connubial bliss was far too short for them;  
Aristæus, fired with amorous, direful lust,  
Pursued with fierce intent the blooming bride;  
She fled, but sank in silence in the dust.



A writhing serpent of bright, glowing hues,  
Subtle and secret, 'neath the green moss lay;  
It stung the foot of fair Eurydice,—  
She died, and woke in regions of dark ray.

“Eurydice, where art thou? With my lyre  
I'll seek thee in the region of the shades.  
Eurydice, I'll live or die with thee;  
Thine image from my memory never fades.”

Down to the regions of infernal gloom,  
With lyre in hand, he wooes dark Pluto's power;  
Charmed with his melodies, Queen Proserpine  
Consents to aid him in his trying hour.

The wheel of Ixion forgot to move;  
The stone of Sisyphus in grief stood still;  
Tantalus even forgot his wonted thirst;  
The Furies, charmed, curbed their tempestuous will.

“Orpheus,” began the gracious queen of hell,  
“If to thy sorrow Pluto lends an ear,  
Wilt thou consent to look not once behind  
Until thou quit'st forever this dark sphere?”

Orpheus consents, but love impels the glance  
Which for an instant swift he throws behind;  
In that brief space Eurydice is gone,  
And Orpheus left grief-stricken in his mind.

No ray of hope can now dispel the gloom  
 Which must forever overcloud his brain;  
 Nothing but music's symphony has power  
 To clear his heart's lone agony of pain.

The Thracian women, wounded in their pride,  
 To think their charms should leave untouched his  
     soul,  
 Go towards him with kindling passions fierce,  
 And over his worn-out frame lose all control.

Returning from their rites at Bacchus' shrine,  
 Inflamed with gross impurities and dreams,  
 They bear the hapless Orpheus in their arms  
 And throw him piecemeal in the Hebrus' streams.

"Eurydice, where art thou?" moans his head,  
 As 'reft from breathless corpse it downward flows;  
 "Eurydice!" the dying tongue exclaims,—  
 "Eurydice!" thus ends the poet's woes.

## FAIRY-LAND.

WHERE live the fairies in the summer-tide?  
Do they through the dreamy air 'mid the green-  
woods glide?  
Lurking in the dewy moss, hid with drooping fern,  
Bathing in the glittering spray of the gurgling  
burn.

Where hide the fairies? in the foxglove bell,  
Peeping out and in the folds of the tulip's cell;  
Laughing as their tiny feet touch the violet's spray,  
Vying with each emerald leaf in their garments gay.

Flying on a dragon-fly over hill and dale,  
Mounted on his gauzy wing, how those bright elves  
sail!

Bulrush tall and plummy reed watch the elfin flight,  
Butterfly and demoiselle chase them with delight.

Folded in the snowy breast of some lily white,  
Nestling in the rose's cup, revelling in delight;  
Drinking nectar from the depths of the cowslip's  
cell,  
Dancing to the tuneful chime of the blue harebell.

Dancing all the summer midnight on their fairy  
rings,  
Dancing to the plaintive music that the night-bird  
sings;  
Scampering off to leafy arbors when the dew-drop dies,  
Lingering in the woods' deep shadows 'neath the  
sultry skies.

Whither go the fairies when the cold storms blow,—  
When the merry green-woods fade and the wintry  
snow  
Chills the little merry spirits,—whither go they then?  
Earth gives them no resting-place, even in wood or  
glen.

In their subterranean home live the fairies then,  
Stealing out and in betimes to their favorite glen;  
Fountain cased in icy tomb hides the palace door,  
Drooping ivy's ice-gemmed spray clothes the gray  
rocks hoar.'

Who is it that o'er our windows, in the clear cold air,  
Weaves around the panes of crystal forms so won-  
drous fair?  
Fairy fingers in the moonlight trace forth silvery  
trees;  
Frost-work flowers and forms of beauty their small  
fingers please.

Their small spirit-souls are sighing for the summer  
flowers,  
Therefore on our sleeping windows do they spend  
long hours,  
Weaving all their gentle wishes into frost-work form,  
In their tender work forgetting winter's cold white  
storm.

Radiant, tiny fairy-creatures, from my infant years  
Ever have ye been around me in my hopes or fears;  
Often have I sought the dark wood, seeking for  
you there,  
Searching 'neath the wild flowers' clusters for your  
forms so rare.

Only once I caught a vision of the fairy troop  
Dancing in the silvery moonlight near a rippling  
brook;  
Ere I reached the fairy dancers, showers of autumn  
leaves  
Whirled before my dazzled vision from the whisper-  
ing trees.

Yet to me they are creations vivid with delight,  
Busy, harmless fairy-creatures, dazzling all our sight;  
Better weave their tiny shadows with our summer  
flowers;  
Happier in our wintry season do they make dull hours.

## TO MY HARMONIUM.

COMPANION of lone hours, I turn to thee,  
Sweet-tuned Harmonium; thankful may I be  
That thou, my tuneful friend, art spared me still,—  
I can call forth thy rarest tones at will,  
And comfort my sad heart;  
Ne'er may we part,  
Friend of my secret heart.

Companion of bright hours, when cares were brief,  
When sunlight gilded o'er each cloud of grief,  
When I could hear in thy clear, joyous note  
The murmur of my thoughts re-echoing float,—  
Friend of the past bright hour,  
O'er me thou hast strange power,—  
Friend of the gay-toned hour.

Companion of lone hours, when all below  
Seemed hung with darkest hues of deepest woe,  
I sought thee then, and, in thy mournful spell,  
Enraptured could I hear my own sad knell  
For brighter days gone by;  
Weary the plaintive sigh  
For brighter days gone by.

I turn to thee when grief seems, like a cloud,  
To fetter and obscure my nature proud;  
When darkness overspreads my mental eye,  
And hopeless, aimless, would I wish to die,  
    To thee, dear friend, I go;  
    A chord of kindred woe  
    From thy notes then doth flow.

In all the changeful moods of my tired heart  
I find in thee a friend gold cannot part;  
In poverty, or misery, or grief  
I can on thee pour forth my soul's relief.  
    Say! can words ever tell  
    The thoughts which ofttimes swell  
    In thy impassioned knell?

Love finds in thee an outlet for her dreams;  
Hate turns thine organ-notes to thund'ring gleams  
Of warlike strain; oppression, even, may claim  
An echo in thy plaintive, lute-like strain.  
    Yes, every heart-felt sore  
    That sears my spirit's core,  
    Tried friend, on thee I pour.

Friend of my inmost soul, fondly I pray  
That ne'er from me may'st thou be torn away;

All treasures else may go; if thou dost stay,  
A gleam of sunshine still shall light my way.  
    Friend, with blest sounds replete,  
    With thy sweet notes to greet  
    My heart, life still is sweet.



## THE IRISH BANSHEE.

DEEP in slumber she lay, so gentle and still,  
The morrow would see her a bride;  
But the one she had loved with a leal true heart  
Would never now rest by her side.

Bright were her dreams from the smile on her brow,  
Bright as a maiden's pure heart;  
Little she feared, as she lightly slept,  
From her true love she soon would part.

Sudden, a wail on the night-breeze swept  
Weirdly over her lordly home;  
Was it a shriek from the wild night-owl  
As he sat in his turret alone?

Was it a howl from the passing wind  
Skirling through gable and tower?  
No! 'twas the Banshee's dreary wail  
Foretelling her own last hour.

Nearer it came, that unearthly sound,  
Till it swept by her window-pane;  
Then she awoke, and her dreams were gone,  
For she felt the blood freeze in her vein.

The sunbeams came with the dawning morn ;  
They found her a blooming bride.  
The sunbeams set with the waning day,  
But grim Death stood by her side.

Ever 'twas thus, so the legend says,  
With the dreaded Banshee's cry ;  
One of the fairest and noblest there  
Must answer its warning, and die.

## ELLIE.

SHE left us in the spring-time,  
When the early snow-drop dies;  
Too soon, for us, the reaper took  
Our darling to the skies:  
Yet the sunshine of her infant life  
Still lingers round our home;  
And, in the quiet evening hours,  
We speak of her alone.

We cannot move the little chair;  
It has its corner still,  
Though we have lost the tiny form  
That once its space did fill.  
We fancy in the evening hour,  
When wayward memories fall,  
We hear again her winning voice  
In thrilling accents call.

Her playthings now are treasures dear;  
Each little childish toy  
Is sacred to a mother's heart,  
Once overrun with joy.

Now tenderly is hid away  
 The little half-worn shoe ;  
 How oftentimes been wet with tears  
 The little sash of blue !

The little bed whereon she died  
 We watch with jealous care,  
 For once it held the treasured form  
 Of little Ellie fair.  
 And oh ! how tenderly we kiss  
 That lock of golden hair !  
 'Tis all that death has left of her  
 Who was our treasure rare.

We miss her from the little group  
 Around the evening fire ;  
 Of the music of her infant tongue  
 No heart could ever tire.  
 The patter of her tiny feet  
 No more will reach our ear,  
 For she has vanished to her home  
 In heaven's celestial sphere.

But, though we miss our darling one,  
 We would not have her here,  
 For she is happier in heaven ;  
 And, though no longer near,

She's left the shadow of her love  
To guide us to the sky;  
Again we'll meet our treasure there,  
Then never more to die.

FOR IRELAND AND FREEDOM.

Lo! from the well-loved Isle a wail comes forth,  
A cry of mourning from the emerald strand.  
Men, will ye rest while lives thy despot's rule?  
The groans for liberty afflict the land.

O Erin! isle of fair and beauteous grace,  
Why should thy fertile lands be bathed in tears?  
Gaunt famine ne'er should touch thy emerald shore;  
Thou yet shalt stand alone in coming years.

Just, is it, that the shreds of England's power  
Should lord it o'er the sons of Irish soil?  
Fair, is it, that the Saxon's dynasty  
Should reap the hard-earned fruits of Ireland's  
toil?

O sons of Erin! rouse thee from thy sleep,—  
Tears of oppression claim no more repose;  
Not for thyself alone fight for the right;  
The Shamrock yet shall quell the English rose.

Daughters of Erin, ye whose patriot souls  
Should swell with freedom's cause and birthright's  
claim,  
Vie with the fame of Spartan dames of old,  
And for thy unborn sons free Ireland's name.

And thou, brave Davitt, foremost in the ranks,  
I bid thee God-speed in thy durance vile;  
The light of freedom guards thy lordly soul,—  
O warrior heart, thou yet for Erin shalt smile.

Parnell, 'tis thine to stir, by thy brave words,  
The crowds which wait thy guiding, helpful hand;  
Sound heart and true, yet shalt thou truly reap,—  
Thy whole-souled words shall aid thy well-loved  
land.

O for the pen of eloquent Tom Moore!  
O for the patriot spark of native fire!  
A Scottish wanderer dares to help the flame  
With victory alone that shall expire.

## PANDORA.

**THERE** is a sound of wrath among the gods ;  
Thunder and lightning rend the troubled air ;  
The mighty Jupiter has been contemned ;  
Prometheus did his royal mandate dare ;  
Therefore the direful tumult in the heaven ;  
Therefore the mighty firmament is riven.

Vulcan prepares the instrument of wrath ;  
See with what care he moulds the beauteous form ;  
The wondrous modelling of each lifeless limb,  
The glowing beauties which will soon adorn  
The god-formed woman first to grace earth's realm,  
Who by her charms the world would overwhelm.

Scarce did the breath of life ignite her frame,  
When from Olympus came the mystic gods,  
Hovering in groups to see the clay-formed maid  
Whose mighty powers would bear a chastening rod  
O'er the vast universe, and leave more pain  
Than even Hope's azure light could clear again.



Venus breathed beauty o'er the wakening life;  
From her own lips of loveliness issued love;  
She tinged the glowing cheek with roseate hue,  
And taught the liquid eye to gently rove;  
She then in flowing tresses twined her hair,  
And left her circled in those ringlets fair.

Next came the graces; round her gentle form  
They clustered in their ministry of grace;  
They taught the winning smile, the passing shade  
Which, like the cloudlet forms, not shades the face;  
The rippling laugh, the calm majestic mien  
Which bends to none, yet hurts no creature seen.

Apollo next arrives, to lend his power  
To give new graces to the new-born bride;  
He gave the thrilling voice its magic tone,  
The heart's wild throb to heighten or subside;  
To rival even the gods in ravished strain,  
To rivet or dispel the power of pain.

Then Mercury appears with glowing tone;  
He tunes her voice to rich melodious speech;  
He breathed the gift of eloquence o'er one  
Whose soul-felt pathos must her hearers reach;  
Thought born from such a brain, from such a tongue,  
Methinks, had nigh the universe unstrung.

Next, from her mystic realm, in stately form,  
The chaste Minerva comes to give her dower;  
All that the warrior goddess could embrace,  
Of gold and jewels, gems of untold power,  
Were brought with lavish hand to crown the bride,  
That not unworthy she might wield her pride.

Great Jupiter, descending, brought a gift,—  
A wondrous box closed by the god himself;  
That box was to be given the man she wed,  
Prometheus; yet who, warned by latent stealth,  
Refused the gift, refused the heaven-dowered bride,  
Refused to see the charms she could not hide.

Epimetheus, less acute and more entranced,  
With rapturous haste espoused the beauteous maid.  
He oped, with trembling hand, the magic box,—  
Oh, woe of woes, the tumult that he made!  
There issued from its depths a sea of pain  
That time itself can ne'er dispel again.

All the miseries that e'er afflict the race  
Came tumbling from that small unhallowed sphere:  
Death, famine, pestilence, avarice,  
Combined to rule the short existence here.  
O Jupiter, that thus thy wrath was hushed,—  
That thus thy pride was pleased by mortals crushed!

That sacred star of Hope alone remained,—

It was the only ray that graced that tomb;  
And still she doth remain as then she shone,—

A light to guide our footsteps through the gloom.  
O Jupiter! fair Juno put Hope in  
Before you closed the box and made men sin.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

THE eye hath a language, a voice of its own,  
Full of far deeper meaning than lip-uttered tone;  
Words oft fail to impart half the language we mean,  
But the truth of the eye at one glance may be seen.

When the heart is too full of deep sorrow to speak,  
When the trembling lips fail to impart what they seek,  
Then, oh! mark the deep pathos that beams from  
the eye,  
As it shines with a radiance received from the sky.

In the first dawn of love, when the heart is replete  
With those sweet cherished hopes too transcen-  
dently sweet,  
Language fails to portray the wild dream of romance  
That swept o'er our souls at the first stolen glance.

If the heart beams with love, words may oft appear  
cold,  
But the love in the eye shines the same as of old;  
The looks may be changed, and the voice may be chill,  
But the love in the eye shines the same ever still.

## MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.

"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—*St. Paul.*

AROUND us countless spirits wing their way,  
Noiseless and viewless, voiceless as the day;  
We cannot trace those far-off messengers,  
Yet ever do we feel their silent sway;  
At midnight are they round our quiet rest,  
At daybreak do we feel their soft behest.

Whence came they, then, those voiceless messengers?  
From the remote, yet ever-nearing, sphere  
Which floats beyond this solid firmament,  
And dimly, faintly dawns upon us here?  
As nearer draws the soul to kindred source,  
So keener dawns the light with latent force.

Ay, and before this sensuous frame decays,  
Soul-force can pierce the coarser element;  
Electric sparks of mind's unfathomed space,  
Hurled from some radiant soul-orb, may be sent  
Swift, with unerring aim, to one whose mind  
Can forthwith that electric message find.

What is it that compels our thoughts to turn  
From some fixed source to other minds astray?  
Beings removed by time and foreign shore;  
Yet all at once they call our hearts away.  
Their thoughts have struck the electric chain of  
mind,  
And mingle with our own thoughts unconfined.

Soul needs not medium of terrestrial form  
To aid the wondrous current of its power;  
Mind can commune with mind, though seas be wide;  
Soul gives to soul the tumults of the hour;  
Magnetic brain-power darts its subtle flame  
Through realms of space into some kindred frames.

## OH, NEVER MORE!

Oh, never more I'll see thee near,  
Or feel the warm grasp of thy hand;  
For thou art fled with yesterday,  
And left thy message traced on sand.

Oh, never more thy spirit-touch  
Shall o'er my lyre in ravished tone  
Speak to me of thy heart's fond care,  
For, lonely, I am left alone.

Oh, never more I'll hear thy voice,—  
That cheering voice, whose joyous tone  
Waked trembling echoes in my heart,  
And made me feel but half alone.

Oh, never more I'll see that face  
Whose hidden depths my soul oft traced;  
Whose unbreathed words my heart could read,  
Yet whose calm air those vows defaced.

Oh, never more I'll greet those eyes  
Whose soul-taught orbs my heart could reach;  
Whose burning language could impart  
Feelings beyond the power of speech.

Oh, never more I'll breathe the air  
Which thy fond breath perfumed with bliss;  
Oh, never feel the mystic touch  
My lips obeyed in love's last kiss.

Had I ne'er seen thee, I'd have been  
More blessed than seeing thee; and then,  
When soul to soul an answer gave,  
To be bereft is too dread pain.

Oh, fare thee well! forget my name,  
Or let it in thy heart's grave sleep;  
I would not live to mourn thy fame  
Or make thee for my sorrow weep.

Seek in the world's cold glaring light  
For others who will hold thee dear;  
Seek for them, and, if fortune smiles,  
I will not mourn thine absence here.

But if, when in some helpless hour  
The hearts you bow to bend thine low,  
Then in thy sorrow think of her  
Who, when you suffered, felt keen woe.

So, fare thee well! my heart's sole thought  
Will round thy cherished form still cling;  
I were not faithful, thou not dear,  
If other voice my soul could ring.



Farewell! in thy rapt dreams forget  
The one whose living life thou art;  
Hush in thy wailings for the past  
The remnants of thy once true heart.

## ADONIS.

BENEATH the shade of grim Olympus' heights  
The young Adonis wandered forth one morn;  
Bent on the cheering glories of the chase,  
He rises ere the sun's bright beams adorn

The lower earth; scarce had he journeyed far  
When from his lair a boar ferocious fled;  
Adonis grappled with the savage beast;  
He aimed his javelin at its grizzled head.

But he mistook his aim; the furious beast  
Turned and attacked him with unfettered hate;  
Adonis fell,—wounded and bleeding, faint;  
He knew that he had reached his hidden fate.

Venus, in passing, heard his feeble moan;  
Turning, she knelt and clasped his dying head,  
Trying in vain to stay the welling wound;  
Finding it hopeless, she embraced him, dead.

"Adonis!" wailed the beauteous queen of love,  
"Why didst thou slight the warnings that I gave?  
Hadst thou but heeded my soft prayer for thee,  
I had not now been mourning o'er thy grave."

Forth from her eyes, in drops of liquid tears,  
The gushing waters rained,—fair Venus wept  
Such tears as human eyelids cannot shed:  
She bathed the earth where dead Adonis slept.

Her mournful tears awoke the sleeping earth;  
From its grim depths sprung forth a crimson  
flower;  
Tinged with the life-blood of her cherished god,  
It bears that roseate love-hue till this hour.

Though loved by Venus, yet not she alone  
Had power to lure Adonis from his tomb;  
For Proserpine, in pity for his fate,  
Resolved to bring to life his youthful bloom

On this condition, that for each short year  
One-half his life should to herself be given;  
The other half he spent with Venus here.  
Adonis yielded,—Venus was his heaven.

The deep, dark months he spends in Pluto's realm  
Are when the cold rains beat and shrill winds  
moan.  
He then withdraws his flower-form from the earth,  
And leaves it buried in its wintry home.

But when the balmy breeze of spring returns,  
And he to Venus wings his longing flight,  
He lifts again his crimson buds on earth  
To tell us that his soul has reached the light.

All summer, while his crimson petals wave,  
His spirit is with Venus, in Jove's home;  
All winter, when his flower-form is concealed,  
In Pluto's hidden haunts he pines alone.

## FLOWER-SOULS.

CAN it be that the souls of those long dead  
Reanimate again some flesh-formed clay?  
Or will they, in more tender, beauteous garb,  
Live in the flowers which spring up day by day?

Lucretia Borgia!—needs it magic wand  
To trace thee in the belladonna's bloom?  
Wondrous thy beauty, fatal in its power,—  
Too often leading to an early tomb.

Alluringly thy purple bell-flowers wave,  
Repelling and enticing in one breath;  
Emblem of her who charmed with radiant smile,  
Of her whose love-glance ended but in death.

And thou, fair lotus! glorious Eastern flower!  
Cleopatra, the bright Egyptian queen,  
Seems shining forth from out thy radiant breast,—  
Gazing on thee, I see her dark eyes gleam.

Voluptuous, wrapt amidst thy clustering leaves,  
Dreaming of what?—thy lover-king of old.  
Floating upon the waves, whose trembling touch  
Seems but to tinge thee with the sunset's gold.

Hail, flaunting hollyhock! in thy proud form

I trace the image of an English queen,—  
The vain Elizabeth, whose heart was steel,  
Who ever reigned undaunted in her mien.

Thy lack of fragrance makes the emblem clear;  
Her heartless spirit found in thee its rest;  
Gorgeous and beautiful always thou shalt be,  
But perfumed sweetness ne'er will touch thy breast.

The soul of Mary Stuart haunts the rose  
Which, faintly blushing, grows near to thy side,  
Perfuming all the dreamy air with scent,  
Odors of fragrance which it cannot hide.

Alluring still as when, in human form,  
For each sweet smile some heart was rent in twain,  
Her magic love-power still imparts its sway,—  
The perfumed charm conceals the thorny pain.

Avaunt thee, monk's-hood! shade of Henry's form,  
The blue-beard monarch lingers in thee still;  
I shudder as I touch thy poisoned hood;  
In it I read his wicked, vicious will.

The spirits of his fated, murdered queens  
Breathe in the mournful, drooping, blue harebells;  
They seek the lonely moorland's desert shades,  
That there they may forget his wanton spells.

The soul of Byron stirs the passion-flower;  
I trace his wild emotions in each leaf;  
Ecstatic yearnings of tumultuous thoughts  
Are written in its mystic symbol's grief.

Calm and serene as in the times gone by,  
The shade of Dante seeks the foxglove's bell;  
Near him, encased in honeyed woodbine's form,  
The heavenly Beatrice his griefs dispel.

Poor Chatterton reanimates the bloom  
Which the most weird datura sheds on night;  
He gleams in startling radiance one short hour,  
Then dies ere witness of the dawn of light.

Sir Walter Scott lurks in the purple plume  
Which the Scotch thistle turns to front the breeze;  
A Heman's gentle soul breathes in the air  
Of perfumed fragrance from the linden-trees.

The Irish shamrock holds the soul of Moore;  
Filled with emotions, see the veined bells droop;  
Yearning for love, the trefoiled leaflets spread,  
Then, touched with dewy grief, they mournful stoop.

Keats' classic soul seeks the fair asphodel,  
Scorning the flowers of more emphatic shade;  
And, rambling in his dreams to classic shores,  
He claims the plant which loves the moorland glade.

Poe's splendidly-distorted, mighty soul  
Seeks refuge in the henbane's pencilled cell;  
Narcotic odors linger near its breath,  
His weird imagination to dispel.

The imperial lily holds a Siddons' soul;  
Her calm, majestic depths lie in its face;  
Volcanic fires its golden petals yield,  
Yet vividly serene its form of grace.

In every flower that breathes some soul is traced,  
If we could only read the mystic hand  
With which fair nature writes the name on each;  
This secret I have learned from spirit-land.



**A VISION OF THE RESURRECTION.**

(On visiting the Anatomical Museum, Edinburgh.)

THE last stern blast is o'er, the sound has ceased;  
 The trumpet's summons has awaked the dead.  
 Out from the open graves the forms appear,  
 Some minus hand and foot, some minus head.

Oh! what a rushing to that ghostly hall!  
 Bodies reanimate, searching for their parts;  
 Some seek an eye, some seek their very brains,  
 While others try in vain to find their hearts.

Two manly forms emerge from out the gloom;  
 Onward they march; what do they seek for here?  
 See, side by side, in two glass vases float  
 Two silent tongues who hate their spirit-sphere.

One opens wide his jaws, tucks in a tongue;  
 Alas! the unruly member is too long.  
 He tries the other, but it will not do;  
 He mutters in his wrath, "Something is wrong."

Good friend, forbear, some other jar may hold  
 That tongue for which you've come so far to find;  
 Perchance it lurks within some surgeon's home,  
 A mute memorial till with life combined.

His neighbor seizes fast one outcast tongue;  
It fits his mouth as if it were his own.  
Away he hurries, well pleased in his haste;  
Some other mortal might have taken a loan.

Out from its liquid tomb, in nervous haste,  
The babe of days bursts forth with eager speed;  
To shivers falls the glass, 'tis useless now,  
The infant has outburst his crystal need.

A headless form approaches with great haste,  
With new-formed hands he seizes on a head.  
How can the man remember his own skull,  
When for five generations he's been dead?

One on his stately neck fits on a skull  
Which surely never adorned a man before;  
An apish look reveals the fell mistake,—  
*Darwin, forbid thy theory!—a bore.*

Down with a bound, as if from some far sphere,  
A dark-skinned negro comes to find his head;  
His body must have leaped across the sea,  
For not in this cold region had he died.

Anatomists forget, when in their hands  
The human organs undergo the knife,  
That they are aiding heaven as well as earth,—  
Spirits of wine preserve the form of life.

The very air was thick with human bones ;  
     Oh, what a work the angels had to do !  
 The atmosphere was choked with living dust,—  
     'Twas such a bother to make one man two.

Eyes, teeth, and hands, with heads of every form,  
     Ran helter-skelter round the wondering floor ;  
 Some scrambled for a place in human forms,  
     Others, less brave, made for the entrance-door.

Had the Archangel seen the row he made,  
     Certes the trump would never have been blown ;  
 The placid world seemed all akin with life,  
     Legs, arms, and feet in startling havoc thrown.

Oh, what a rush to get themselves complete !  
     What fitting on of limbs ! that thus, remade,  
 They might mount upward to their final home,  
     Where forms reanimate will never fade,—

At least, so says the Creed. I heed it not.  
     Why clothe the radiant soul again with clay ?  
 Let mother earth retain her buried part ;  
     Let soul escape to soul's undying day.

TO A SPRAY OF SCOTCH HEATHER.

You take me away to the heather-hills,  
You bright wee heather-bell ;  
You bare my heart to heath-clad braes,  
To fern and moss-grown dell.

I hear again the yorlin sing  
On the hill-side's whin-grown breast ;  
I start the moor-fowl from his lair,  
The heath-fowl from her nest.

The water-hen, with speckled wing,  
Starts from the mountain tarn ;  
The minnow darts with rapid fin  
In the gurgling, whimpling burn.

And other scenes come back with thee,  
You bright-eyed heather-bell ;  
Gray rocks and foaming cascades free,  
And glens where fairies dwell.

And mountain-tops where wanton breeze  
Sweeps from the storm-girt sky ;  
And scented thyme with honeyed breath,  
And nooks where bluebells lie.

The spirit of the green hill-side  
     Comes with thee, purple flower;  
 Bearing me to the far-off braes  
     To meet wild nature's power.

Little you deemed, when torn from home,  
     What life your flower-soul brought  
 To me, whose nature loves green hills,  
     Whose heart was ever fraught

With kindred love for thee, wild flower,  
     Free, heaven-blest heather-bell;  
 Here rest upon my tender breast;  
     Bright heather-bell, farewell!

## CYPRUS.

A BUFLING in mid-ocean's placid depth,  
A wreathing of the foaming, gleaming waves;  
A surging of the sparkling emerald spray,  
A murmuring of the shells in ocean's caves.  
Murmur, fair shells, once more upon bright Cyprus'  
classic shore.

Morn's pearly dawn had scarce o'erswept the land,  
Apollo's golden fire-rays burst o'er space;  
The radiance showering from his glorious beams  
Illumed with glowing light that coming grace;  
Submerged with ocean foam, she issues from her home.

Fair golden tresses wreath her classic face,  
Bright lambent sun-rays turn them deeper gold;  
Glorious her soul-orbs overarched with jet,  
Her features sculptured in the rarest mould.  
Blow softly, zephyrs, blow; waft gently, gale, and slow.

Sprung from the ocean froth, on wreaths of spray  
She rises circled with the glittering foam;  
As heavenward she rears her gracious head,  
She casts one loving look on her first home.  
Engulf no more her form, blue ocean, hush thy storm.

High, snowy billows bear to earth their queen,  
Zephyrs waft swift their burden to the land;  
Jove's fairest daughters greet the sea-born maid  
And give her welcome on the Cyprus strand.  
Hail! favored Cyprus isle, who first saw Venus smile.

Cyprus, thy beauteous land burst into life  
Beneath the love-glance of the foam-born bride;  
Still doth her radiant shadow tinge thy graves,  
Her witching memory haunt thy classic tide.  
Cyprus! may Venus reign on thy fair shores again!

## RELIGION.

RELIGION, say, what is it? where is found  
The one undying faith, whose theme profound  
Takes from the suffering soul its load of care,  
And to the heart accords the power of prayer?  
Is there no respite from the spirit's grave?  
No hope but in the Saviour's power to save?

I've traced with doubting hand and throbbing brain  
The records of the past in history's plain;  
The Koran's vaunted creed of errors vile,  
Where sensual thoughts the wanton page beguile.  
Alas! it cannot meet my inmost prayer;  
No carnal sophistry must enter there.

I've searched the secrets of blest Buddha's page,  
And loved and honored oft its records sage;  
Pure, generous thoughts are mingled with its creed,  
Yet not Oblivion meets my earnest need.  
From Buddha's heaven immortal yearnings turn;  
Annihilation fills no earthly urn.

I've lived again on classic Grecian shore,  
And worshipped in each temple as of yore;  
Created me a god in each bright stream,  
A goddess in each cloud of rainbow gleam.



My heart was filled with deep poetic zeal,  
Yet not to fabled godhead could I kneel.

The Persian's fire-god seemed not less divine,  
I bent me low beneath the Parsee's shrine;  
The undying flame emitted from its fire  
Could not within my soul one ray inspire.  
I blessed the fire-god, but I sighed in vain  
For holier thoughts to ease my endless pain.

Next to the Scandinavian records old  
I turned me; their past histories might unfold  
Of mighty Odin's creed some unknown truth  
That might inspire the day-dreams of my youth.  
The sagas answered, from their Northern grave,  
"Odin has now no more the power to save."

The forest breath o'er the Atlantic swept,  
A wild voice o'er its stormy billows wept;  
'Twas the Great Spirit of the Indian brave;  
I listened, for I knew his power to save.  
The red man rests in his blest hunting-ground,  
The Great Spirit speaks,—creation owns the sound.

The Hindoo kneels on Ganges' sacred soil,  
A clay-formed god rewards his willing toil.  
Alas! the cold, dumb idol hears no prayer,  
But in that image is a symbol fair;

To him it is the semblance of a god,  
Then why despise his symbol-worship rude?

I turn me to the old Egyptian gods,  
Isis and Osiris; their mystic words,  
Traced in the chiselled, time-enduring stone,  
Of their old faith might bear stern test alone.  
The classic Nile replies, while flowing on,  
"Egypt's old pride and ancient faith are gone."

I opened next the ancient Jewish page  
Which in the Bible marks the sacred age.  
Are all its precepts pure from holy source,  
Or are they mixed with human feelings coarse?  
Not all divine was that mysterious age;  
Man's sensual nature mars the sacred page.

From Jewish creed I turn to Christ's pure path,  
And in its glorious records trace no wrath;  
I see no base deed mark his stainless life,  
But truth and purity unmixed by strife.  
God-given was that life to us divine,  
Forever will the sinless Saviour shine.

I sought the trellised wilderness alone,  
And held communion with the God unknown;  
I asked the stars, the rocks, the waving trees,  
If nature's God spoke in the passing breeze.

They with assenting voice one God proclaim,  
One all-pervading power of endless name.

I turned to my own heart, and its warm beat  
Thrilled a response to nature's emblems sweet;  
A voice from the deep heavens pierced mine ear:  
"Searcher of truth, the upward path is clear.  
No creed is perfect, truth yet lives in each;  
Though far apart, a lesson all may teach.

"Despise no outward form of heart-felt zeal,  
With outcast pariah, blinded Parsee, kneel;  
Their slender faith may burn with God's pure light,  
Their love may yet illumine thy darker night.  
Truth in the life, love in the unit soul,  
That is the heaven which unites the whole."

## THE INDIAN LOVERS.

WHAT murmuring echo sounds so low and awful,  
Breaking the denseness of the swampy ground?  
What can it be that pierces night's lone vigils  
With the re-echo of that dismal sound?

Far 'mid the gloomy forest wanderings,  
Deep underneath the dimly-trellised clay,  
Sleeps in cold death's all-fearful trances  
The dark-eyed maiden of the Silver Ray.

But one short moon has passed since she had wandered .

An exile from her chieftain-father's home;  
Impelled by tender love's all-swaying passions,  
A stranger in the prairie she did roam.

Won was her heart by the young Delaware,  
Chief of her father's foes,—a deadly band;  
He saw and loved the bright-eyed Silver Ray,  
And took her captive to another land.

There in the forest's deep and hidden grottos,  
Unknown, unseen, save by the light of day,  
They lived encircled by love's deep emotions,—  
Thus passed the gentle life of Silver Ray.

Love cannot last forever,—love so holy,—  
Else would we wish not for another sphere;  
Joy lives forever in the spirit-land,  
Yet shineth for a little o'er us here.

Who aimed the circuit of that stealthy arrow  
That pierced the Indian maiden in the breast?  
She falls, the victim of her aged father,—  
The Indian maiden sleeps in the last rest.

Sleep on forever, bright-eyed Silver Ray,  
Safe in the happy hunting-ground loves bloom;  
Thy chief will join thee in the coming day,—  
Sleep on, dark maiden, in thy forest tomb.

No human eye beheld the bloody slaughter,—  
Her fate was sealed, and by a father's hand;  
He aimed too well, death seized his gentle daughter,  
Her spirit flitted to the happy land.

That night her lover knew no dream of slumber,  
Haunted by spirits of the vapory breath;  
He saw the death-blue flame that never shineth  
Save but to tell us of some coming death.

Three times, by his hard couch on the wild prairie,  
A being clad in white around him shone;  
Three times upon his brow a touch so chilly,—  
The passing of a spirit from its home.

At last the flame shone high to the horizon,  
Then steadfast, placid as the dawn of day;  
Bloody yet beautiful, pale yet lovely,  
Stood the dark maiden of the Silver Ray.

She whispered but his name in loving accent,  
Then darkness shone forever o'er the scene;  
She vanished as the meteor from the heavens,  
Ere earth could tarnish its ethereal gleam.

The morrow came, but with it deeper sorrow;  
Where was the only image of his heart?  
The evening came, but with it deeper anguish,—  
Sadness and spectres, will ye not depart?

Lo! from the swampy ground the blue flame flickered;  
It nearer came, it played around his head;  
No form appeared, no voice, no moan of sorrow,—  
The death-flame ceased, he felt his life was dead.

The morrow came; unfelt his footsteps wandered,  
Swift as the musk-deer to his chosen den;  
Swift as the fire-fly 'mid the evening darkness,  
So speeds the Indian to his dusky glen.

Beware! O chief, beware! thy doom is written.  
Embrace once more that form of beauteous clay;  
Clasp in thy arms once more those marble features  
That breathed once with the love of Silver Ray.

But one embrace, the last long one forever ;  
Entwined within her arms the death-wound came ;  
Another arrow from the deadly quiver,  
And he is lifeless on the bloody plain.

The same hand struck the blow, that very arrow  
Drank the warm life-blood from each gentle breast ;  
It was a father's hand, a father's passion,  
That sealed forever their untimely rest.

THE HARP AND THE BREEZE.

(Composed after hearing the above sung.)

I HEAR it yet! still o'er my soul  
The echo of that mournful strain  
Sweeps solemnly, and oh, so sweet!  
I wish it ne'er could cease again.

I hear it yet! the rippling sound  
Of that wild air, so soft and low,  
As zephyrs on the evening gale  
Weep while they breathe a sigh of woe.

The pathos of a broken heart's  
Tumultuous breathings swell that strain;  
The buried pangs of untold love  
Burst forth in its wild notes again.

And that rare voice, so strange and sweet,  
That tone of deep, impassioned feeling,  
Still and anon rings through my heart,  
As for a while its sorrows stealing.

O voice of power, sublime and deep,  
Thy sound shall haunt my midnight dream;  
Ne'er may I feel its power again,  
Unless in memory's slumbering gleam.



O voice of deep and lasting power,  
Thy thrilling cadence will not fade;  
Thy quivering notes still pierce my ear  
Like whisperings from the unknown shade.

Still will thine echo, wild and low,  
Recall the wild, ecstatic bound  
With which my heart, enraptured, caught  
The thrill of that celestial sound.

O voice! O song! thy haunting tone  
Will fill a blank in memory's hour;  
An echo that can ne'er return  
Sweeps o'er the soul with double power.

O fare thee well! I will recall  
That voice, that song, in after-years;  
That wild, unfettered symphony,—  
'Tis a stolen strain from other spheres.

MY HOUR OF DEATH.

I COULDN'T choose bright spring-time  
For the season of my death;  
Its clear sunshine is too radiant,  
'Twould retard my fleeting breath;  
Its softly-flowing breezes  
Would but thrill my parting soul;  
Its gently-falling rain-drops  
Make my burning tear-drops roll.  
No! in the sombre autumn,  
When the yellow leaflets fade,  
All like them would I vanish  
To the grave's eternal shade.

I would not choose bright summer,  
For its flowerets are too fair;  
To leave them in their beauteous glow  
My spirit could not bear.  
To me they have been silent friends,  
Those glorious summer flowers;  
With deep, mysterious whisperings  
They've cheered my lonely hours.

No! in the golden autumn,  
With the last pale crocus bloom,  
I would wish to take my journey  
To the slumber of the tomb.

Nor would I choose in winter  
For my soul to leave its clay;  
Its boisterous carnival would leave  
No peace to pass away.  
In a whirlwind of tempestuous wrath  
I would not wish to die;  
But seek the gentle autumn gale  
To waft my soul on high.

Yes! in the fading autumn  
I would seek my silent grave,  
While over me, with dirge-like sound,  
The falling leaflets wave.

## TO MY WINDOW-SEAT.

DEAR window-seat, I love thee; many hours  
Of charming revery I've passed in thee; the powers  
Of nature seem combined in thy small space,  
So much of beauty hast thou, and of grace.  
But let me number up the various joys  
Which, when I'm idle, solitude employs,  
Resting on thee. First comes the bracing air,  
Rushing with unseen force from regions fair;  
Filling each new-drawn breath with priceless health,—  
Nature's best tonic, purchased without wealth.  
Next come the glorious sun-god's fervent rays,  
Awaking in the heart high thoughts of praise.  
Then comes the azure firmament of light,  
Now fleeced with snow-clouds, then grim as night;  
And when the full moon sheds her gentle beams,  
The very hills seem radiant with her gleams.  
And then to view old Arthur's Seat; how grand,  
Towering above the neighboring hills, you stand!  
Gazing on thee, I conjure up strange scenes,—  
Beings of by-gone ages grace those dreams.  
Lo! at thy feet, as 'twas in days before,  
The stately Holyrood stands, as of yore;

Next, Salisbury Crag, I note thy ridge;  
Whether 'twere best thy presence to abridge  
I know not; but I like the abrupt steep  
Which, from my window, seems some ancient keep,  
Some half-built airy pinnacle of old,  
Unfinished in its weird fantastic mould.  
Next comes the grassy field, the perfumed hay,  
The joyous skylark, ushering in the day  
With glorious strains; and oftentimes at night  
The shy gray plover wails, when out of sight,  
Its melancholy note, awakening scenes  
Of childhood's years, now treasured in my dreams;  
The breath of kine, the nibbling sound of sheep,  
As softly on they patter as they eat.  
Nearer me still I have my garden plot,  
A modest little box, yet ne'er forgot.  
A few dear little flower-buds daily shed  
Their purifying radiance o'er my head.  
Though but a daisy, flanked by fragrant thyme,  
With violets and lilies, love divine  
Out from that humble flower-grave seems to weave  
A charm around my heart; I may not grieve  
While I have all those joys, and one still more,  
The thankful heart which makes me still adore.

SCANDAL-MONGERS VERSUS BIRDS  
OF PREY.

Oh, the acute despair, the fiendish woe,  
The racking agony of untold pain  
Which high-strung souls endure when little minds  
Wake, by their thoughtless words, hushed woes  
again.

Mean, cringing, paltry apes, whose unblest soul  
Scarce can exist within their carnal shape;  
Oh, what a waste of God's divinity,  
To place a soul within a human ape!

If one kind act is done by one true heart,  
Foul human carrion-birds are ever near  
To breathe a fetid odor o'er the deed  
And sully, if they can, each listening ear.

Bereft of one pure instinct, their black souls  
Judge others from their own besotted mind;  
As if their narrow craniums could discern  
Motives which heaven itself has not confined.

If from thy brother man a frank, kind word  
From sympathy's keen fount finds a reply,  
List for the flutter of the vulture's wings,  
Their noisome flappings dim thy mental sky.

Their vulture souls can't fathom the keen need  
Impulsive natures feel for sympathy;  
Their brutish natures feel no higher aim  
Than can appease their sensual destiny.

If to thy sister woman, in her need,  
Thy hand has been outstretched in friendly grasp,  
Hark! for the whisperings of a carrion brood  
Your words will flavor as the poisoned asp.

Not all of those foul birds wear filthy robes;  
Not all are clothed in vestments old and bare;  
Many wear broadcloth,—garments new and bright,—  
Yet in their eyes you'll read the carrion glare.

Harpies in human form, who, from the breath  
Of puny scandal, blow a glowing flame;  
Forgetting, in their baseness, their own lies  
May ere long blast their own unhonored name.

Gods, ye are right to make in this great sphere  
Some human scavengers with jackals' hearts;  
The moral atmosphere would be a-taint  
If scandal-mongers could not wield their darts.

For, with keen appetite for putrid fare,  
They scent afar the noisome, welcome feast;  
And in their entrails foul the food digest,  
Thus saving trouble (to pure souls at least).

Creation needs her wolves and vultures still;  
Then let us calmly bear their presence here;  
Remembering that the food which feeds their minds  
Would, undigested, poison our pure sphere.



## THE SEA-NYMPH.

I WANDERED forth one balmy summer night  
By the calm sea, lit by the pale moonlight;  
Low was the gentle murmur of the breeze,  
Making sweet music through the distant trees.  
Sudden a strain of music, wild and clear,  
Burst sweetly on my eager-listening ear.  
It nearer came, then slowly died away,  
Leaving me all in fear,—whence came that lay?  
Scarce could I think, when, lo! again once more  
That music wild came sweeter than before.  
Methought it issued from yon old gray stone,  
Half hidden by the ocean's snowy foam.  
I listened till the beauteous strain was o'er,  
When, lo! I sank enchanted on the shore.

How long that magic slumber held me fast  
I ne'er could tell,—I woke in joy at last.  
What means this beauty? why all things so bright?  
A gleaming cavern meets my wondering sight,  
The rocky pavement strewn with crystals fair,  
Bright coral pillars wreathed with diamonds rare,—  
All hanging from the roof in festoons bright;  
The pale sea-weeds gleam forth in silvery light.

At last that mystic music broke the spell;  
Lo! 'tis the cavern where the sea-nymphs dwell!

For, resting on a shell of pale pink hue,  
Tinged with the brightest crimson, green, and blue,  
Reclined the lovely form of mermaid fair,  
Wreathing her golden tress of waving hair.  
Clad in a flowing robe of sea-green hue,  
Sparkling with liquid gems like morning dew,  
Her silvery voice prolonged the enchanting lay.  
I listened, and, methinks, I heard her say,—

"Oh, this is my home; in this wild sea-cave  
I list to the sound of the murmuring wave.  
Oh, 'tis sweet in the pale moonlight to float  
Far out in the deep in my nautilus boat.  
Then I sing my sweet spell o'er the deep blue sea,  
And play 'mid the waves in their sparkling glee.  
'Tis joy with the wind and the storm to roam  
And glide 'neath the spray of the glittering foam;  
I gather the shells in my midnight ride  
And strew them around on the glassy tide.

"I pluck the bright spray from the coral grove  
To deck the dark cave where I love to rove;  
I bask by moonlight on my old gray stone,  
But woe to the one who comes near me alone!

'Twas there I first found the enchanted ring,  
Concealed in the folds of the dolphin's wing.  
Oh, that bright gem has the magic power  
To make me unseen in the evil hour."  
Wistful she looked at the mystic charm,  
Then fled with a wail of wild alarm.

I waked from that trance, that enchanting dream;  
The moon had gone down, and the sun's warm beam  
Recalled my wandering sense; yes, there's the stone;  
Oft do I visit still that spot alone.

NECKEN, THE NORSE WATER-GOD.

HEAR'ST thou the song of the water-sprite  
Who tries Necken's heart to win?  
Knowing not his soul holds an earth-born bride  
Whose cold love waxes thin.

O Necken, brave heart, cease thy wailing moan,  
The earth-maid seeks not thy watery home;  
Still afar is the loor of the Norway maid  
Calling the cattle home.

The fjord lies bright in the summer sun,  
Dancing in crystal wave;  
The hill-tops glint with the trembling shades  
Of clouds from the sun's gold grave.

O Necken be still, for never more  
Will thy false bride seek thy Northern shore.  
Hark! 'tis the loor of the Norway maid  
Calling the cattle home.

The black pines whisper thy lovelorn sighs,  
The birch-trees mourn for thy grief;  
And the water-maiden will pine and die  
Ere Necken can smile relief.

Tumble on, fierce floods, in thy boiling surge

    The vows of my earth-bride's sins I'll purge ;

Yet still is the loor of the Norway maid

    Calling the cattle home.

Midsummer's eve came again ; on its tide

    I hear King Necken wail,

"Oh! why dost thou leave me, my fair earth-bride?

    Let thy voice reply on the gale."

Then arose a sound, but soft and shrill,

    Like the dying blast of the clarion peal ;

But, alas! 'tis the loor of the Norway maid

    Calling the cattle home.

## TO A PLANT OF MAIZE.

(Taken from an Egyptian mummy, and which grew and bore fruit.)

HAIL! graceful plant, which bear'st on thy green  
stem

Great drooping leaflets of bright waving plume;  
Thy rustling leaves melodious murmurs breathe,  
Touched by the softened breeze in evening gloom.

Stately and grand, thou bearest on thy form  
Majestic traces of thine ancient birth;  
No modern plant art thou, but some stray link  
To bind the New World to thy native earth.

Dream'st thou, fair plant, that in the by-gone days  
Thy rustling parents graced the sacred Nile,  
That Egypt's pomp engulfed thee with its dead,  
That Egypt's daughters graced thee with their  
smiles?

The sacred lotus blessed the Egyptian flood  
Whose waters carried verdure to thy leaf;  
The land of vanished greatness nursed thy youth,  
And whispers to thee still of Egypt's grief.

Hail! wanderer from the old majestic past,  
Thy tasselled plume bows down in regal pain;  
Thou art a vision of poetic growth,  
A goddess-plant too stately to be vain.

Symbol of plenteous and imperial growth,  
Fertile with golden grain, thou feed'st the land  
With grateful food; from thy veiled, modest cones  
Thou scatterest yellow showers with reckless hand.

Waving and sighing in the midnight hour,  
I see the mellow moonlight tinge thy leaves;  
I hear the murmur of thy rustling voice  
Replying in soft cadence from thy sheaves.

Didst thou despond when in thy silent tomb?  
Didst thou despair of breathing heaven's pure air?  
Did gloomy catacomb engulf thy hopes?  
For ages didst thou never feel despair?

Did the strange, empty shell of human pomp  
Not tint the slumbering life-germ in thy cell?  
Did withering flesh not sear thy latent life,  
That thus through myriad ages thou didst dwell?

I feel for thee, O slumbering Eastern seed!  
I sleep with thee the sleep of thousand years;  
I nestle by the dark Egyptian corpse;  
I feel the classic mourner's falling tears.

I trace the mystic hand which laid thee down  
In mummied form to stand the test of time;  
I wake with thee, in this thy infant land,  
And bid thee welcome to thy new-found clime.

Thou went'st to rest amid the sacred horde  
Of Scarabee who blessed the lotus tide.  
The breath of Isis sealed thy long death-sleep,  
And now thou wak'st where Western waters glide.

O plant! I share with thee the glorious dreams  
Which thy terrestrial slumbers showered on thee;  
Now thou hast burst the bonds of Pharaoh's land,  
The tomb has opened and the germ is free.

Oh, I shall care for thee, thou Eastern seed!  
In thy weird stem lurks some Egyptian queen;  
In thy fair tresses maidens' ringlets stray,  
And bright eyes sparkle in thy golden sheen.

To me thou art a token of the past,  
A message from the mystic, tragic land;  
A voice thou hast for me of import dear,—  
Holding the past and present in thy hand.



## TO THE LOST SOUL.

(Founded on a Peruvian legend.)

Out on the prairie, sad and forsaken,  
Comes forth that piercing and heart-breaking  
sound.

What can it be? some stray bird from its nest-mate,  
Wounded and bleeding, adrift on the ground?

Hark! 'tis the wail of the lost infant spirit  
Sounding so mournfully across the wild plain,  
Calling so fearfully, calling so wearily,  
Hoping to find its lost parents again.

Wail on, poor soul, on thy far endless journey,  
Wail out thy lost and unfinished earth-life;  
Wail till a new frame enshrouds thy fair spirit,  
And thou return'st to fulfil thy long strife.

Couldst thou not hope to regain thy first birthplace  
Ere thou hadst reaped thy full harvest of tears?  
Say, infant soul, hast thou passed the grim portals?  
Say, hast thou been where time counts not by  
years?

Or art thou garbed in some gay-plumed exotic,  
Some new-born bird of those bright, sultry climes?  
Art thou compelled to endure thy life voiceless,  
Save for thy weird cry, like dim, cloister-chimes?

If so, fair baby soul, seek for thy helpmate  
That mournful spirit the whippoorwill hides;  
Seek him when even-tide sinks into darkness,  
As from the forest depths swiftly he glides.

It may be so, that, in that mournful echo,  
Thou mayst some insight regain to thy pain;  
Ofttimes I fancy the soul of some lost child  
Lives and wails forth in that piercing refrain.

O severed soul! if, in thy feathered wing-flights,  
Thou dost escape the low craft-wiles of earth,  
Weep not; rejoice that on free, waving pinion  
Thou canst soar nearer the land of thy birth.

## TO —.

I saw thee in thy beauty, like a star,  
Shedding thy star-like glances all afar;  
Traced in thy every gesture queen-like grace,  
Truth written on thy pure, angelic face;  
Eyes of that deep and strangely-liquid gray,  
Lips where the rippling smiles forever play;  
And thy unclouded brow, pure as the light,  
Encircled with those tresses dark as night.  
I marked thy brow, no shade of earth was there,  
So deeply beautiful, so strangely fair;  
Yet 'twas not classic beauty which alone  
Shed o'er thine aspect such angelic tone;  
Thy lovely face was fair, yet not too fair,—  
It was the depth of soul which lingered there.

I saw thee in the fading hues of death,  
While life still hovered round thy dying breath;  
I saw thee when thy heart's wild beat was still,  
And death hung o'er thy once impassioned will.  
I gazed upon thy face,—the soul was gone,—  
A beauteous image thou, like sculptured stone;  
But still the smile which wreathed thy parting sigh  
Slept on thy marble lip, though closed thine eye.

Death could not rob thee of that peerless smile,  
So deeply beautiful and pure from guile.  
I've looked on death in all its varied forms,  
Its gentle flickerings and its tempest storms;  
I've seen it rudely grasp the hoary sage,  
And blight the springing bud of tender age;  
I've seen it, but I never dreamed till now  
That death could leave such beauty on thy brow.

## DEATH'S JOURNEY.

ALL was still save the night-owl's dismal wail,  
Filling the woods with her mournful tale;  
And the raven's croak, from the neighb'ring height,  
Broke the dreary stillness of the night.  
The pale, sad moon shed her languid light,  
In flickering gleams, o'er the dark, lone night,  
When Death stepped forth from his ruined hall,  
All grimly clad in a funeral pall.

He glided away to the distant plain  
Where low lay the forms of the gory slain;  
By the lonely man will a vigil keep  
Till he sinks to rest in the last long sleep.  
Blow soft, wild winds, o'er the warrior's head,  
And o'er the grave let the cypress spread;  
The red turf will be his lonely bed,  
His winding-sheet, cold earth.

Next he wandered, by stealth, to the forest bower.  
Ah, well he knew 'twas the lonely hour  
When the stilly voice of young Eva fair  
Low murmured the words of evening prayer.

The night-flowers, fanned by the evening breeze,  
Wafted sweetness around through the linden-trees;  
Yet neither the wind nor the fragrant flower  
Could stay that rude hand in its fatal power.  
He entered, unseen, by the fading light  
And nipped the young life of the maiden bright.  
On that fair young cheek glowed a richer hue,  
O'er the calm, clear eye shone a brighter blue;  
She lingering sank in a sweet, deep rest,  
And woke far away 'mid the heavenly blest.

Then away he glided, on noiseless wing,  
Far to the land where love-birds sing;  
There, low beneath the banian's shade,  
On silken couch, in the leafy glade,  
A lovely babe unconscious slept,  
While the Indian mother vigil kept.  
Still all unseen, the angel Death  
Poisoned the darling's sleeping breath;  
The sunny smile no more will play,  
No more those coral lips will say;  
The sparkling eye, the dimpled hand,  
Will never wake to glad this land.  
None can resist thy fearful breath;  
Thine arrow's sure, O mighty Death.

Thou hast no pity for the young and fair;  
The silvery head of age thou dost not spare;

All, all, alas! at thy command must go,—  
Stern is thy power, thou harbinger of woe.  
O mighty Death! thy never-wearying hand  
Sweeps mournfully across this wide-spread land;  
Thy fatal footstep's heard in every hour;  
Thou sway'st the universe with thy fell power.

## THE PRIMROSE.

ONCE more again I see thy beauteous face,  
Primrose! thou pale-eyed visitant of spring,  
Gleaming afar amid thy leaves of green,  
Which shroud thy blossoms from the howling blast;  
So sweet thou art, yet beautiful as sweet;  
A melancholy fragrance of thine own,  
Not rich, yet faintly delicate and pure.  
The sick one on the lingering couch of pain  
Longs for thine advent in the coming spring,  
For in thy pale, sad blossom lurks some spell  
Of soothing power which other flowers have not.

When evening winds hush other flowers to rest,  
Thou slumb'rest not, but shinest forth alone;  
Yet not alone, for one keeps watch above,—  
The star of night.  
It is the star of heaven, but to our souls  
Thou art the star of earth.



## THE SOUL.

WHEN from this mortal frame the spirit flies,  
Will it traverse those realms of distant skies?  
Or tread the dark unknown abyss of space  
Till summoned at the final day of grace?  
What is the soul? and whither does it go?—  
To lurid regions of the lost below,  
Where, mingling with the parasites of sin,  
Its life of retribution must begin?  
Where madness, slumb'ring on the train of thought,  
Laughs at the fearful havoc she has wrought?  
Hope lives not there, for her celestial wing  
No resting-place can find such woe within.  
Love lives not there, but dark and direful hate,  
Menacing, broods above the monster fate.  
What! is the soul unknown, unheard, unseen,  
Its advent and its transit leave no gleam?  
Dark as the midnight curtain overhead,  
The soul's transmission shall be hid in dread.  
The animal creation live their day,  
Yet with their earthly frame they all decay.  
They have no future state, death is their friend;  
With it their present and their future end.

Not so with man ; to him death is the veil  
That frees his fettered spirit from its jail.  
Is there no spirit region in the air,  
No intermediate state where souls prepare  
To stand before that awful judgment throne  
To meet their final sentence dread, alone?  
Or at the moment of the soul's release  
From this dull clay, does it forever cease?  
No! for the soul can never taste of death.  
Immortal as the God that gave it birth,  
From the first moment when it first began,  
It lives forever through all time to come.  
What is the soul? and whither does it fly?—  
To those unfathomed regions in the sky  
Where love and holiness forever reign,  
And there is no more misery or pain?  
Oh, for one moment's converse with a soul!  
What revelations would that time unroll!  
A thousand years in one brief moment seen,  
A thousand mysteries cleared that once had been;  
A thousand brilliant hopes of happy youth  
Might then be found to 'lucidate the truth.  
Doubts that now tear and mystify the mind  
Would then from their recess burst unconfined.  
The future we might see not dimly hung  
With those appalling hues which time hath flung  
Around her gathering footsteps, as she glides

With solemn pace along its slippery sides.  
But hush! we step on ground that can't be trod,—  
Dare man presume to lift the veil off God?  
Stop, trembling sinner, stay thy curious will,  
The future must remain a mystery still.  
A dread must hang around the soul's domain  
Forever, while exists this world of pain;  
So still those wandering thoughts which had begun  
To mould thine own ideal world to come.  
The great Creator threw around the soul  
Mysterious mists which ages can't unroll.  
It was his will; try not to pierce the cloud  
Which hides from us the majesty of God!

ON FIRST SEEING THE VIEWS OF  
POMPEII.

CITY of unblessed tombs! whose tragic fate  
Now to our yearning thoughts unfolds new light;  
Imagination can depict the scenes  
Which passed o'er thee, ere plunged in silent night.

The mighty avalanche of living fire  
Engulfs with hungry greed the living form.  
Oh! what racked shrieks of woe from terror wrung,  
As onward moves the lurid, writhing storm!

One star shines from the lowering firmament,  
One pale and heavenly star, whose weakly light  
Seems some stray orb let loose from empty space,  
Shining above that scene of endless night.

Where are the actors in that tragic scene?  
Where the stern gladiator, whose deadly fate  
Seems to approach as with impulsive step  
He nears the portals of the fated gate?

Lo! as he nears the vast arena's space,  
Where gathered faces wait to greet his foes,  
A mighty blast of stifling ashes blaze,  
As doomed Vesuvia's burning entrails rose.

128 *ON FIRST SEEING THE VIEWS OF POMPEII.*

Cease, gladiator; pause! a sterner fate

Than steel's cold touch awaits thy quivering form;  
Around thee are the living fiends of flame;

Around thee waits a death which fears no storm.

And thou, O tragic poet, whose rapt muse

Breaks from love's song to frenzied woe's despair,  
Well mayst thou tear the chaplet from thy brow,—  
Ashes ere morn will crown thy raven hair.

Venus, fair goddess of celestial birth,

No more will sacred incense at thy shrine  
Be burned in wanton love of thy vain reign;  
Vesuvius laughs at powers not all divine.

And thou, O hall of fatal import, dread,

Where justice oftentimes sullies her fair name:  
In one brief space the doomed may be the judge,—  
Insulted heaven uproots thy vaunted fame.

The shrieks are o'er, the buried city sleeps;

Hushed are the wails of infants and the groans  
Of baffled manhood, stifled 'neath the waves  
Of molten lava streaming o'er the stones.

O buried city, slumbering in thy tomb

Of hidden ages, fearful in thy power;  
The mark of awe, the point where man's curbed sway  
Succumbed to heaven's high will in one short hour.

Plunged, in the glory of thy pride and pomp,  
From ideal power to one sepulchral tomb.  
Oh, what defiant germ of rivalry  
Could make a slighted heaven condone thy doom?

Or wert thou, in the prime of thy rich strength,  
Left as a monument of by-past years?  
Thy vast primeval grandeur stamped with woes,  
Thy forms of death enshrined in lava-tears.

We ask in vain; no sound from that vast dome  
Of buried ages makes responsive tone;  
The sympathetic heart replies with pain,—  
Ruins of ancient power are best alone.

Alone, stern pomp and evanescent fame  
Gild but a few bare domes and frescoed walls.  
Omnipotence asserts his own great name,—  
Empyrean grandeur yields when Pompeii falls.

## A WINTER SCENE.

WHILE wandering forth one bright December eve,  
I viewed the tranquil scenery around;  
How pure yon crystal stream, stayed in its rapid  
course

By the still, magic touch of frost!  
The waving reeds all glistening, cased in their icy  
tomb;

The forest-trees, touched by the ice-king's wand,  
Come forth all shining in their robe of snow,  
Each giant bough and tiny twig

Low bending 'neath its airy weight.

My eye rests joyfully upon thy breast, fair lake,  
One vast expanse of dazzling, radiant white,  
Bright with the glories of the winter sun.

Beyond, far towering o'er the neighboring hills,  
Sublime Ben-Lomond meets my raptured gaze,  
Half buried in his shroud of virgin purity,  
His snow-wreathed summit struggling through the mist.

The clouds, bathed in the sun's fast-fading light,  
Shine forth one mass of heaven-born glory;

The tender primrose hue, fast deepening into gold,  
Bright crimson tint all blending in sweet harmony.

What thoughts of thrilling power lift up the soul  
While gazing on a scene so fraught with glory!  
All nature seems to point with joyful hand  
To thee, O God! thou maker of this universe.  
Filled with such thoughts, long could I gaze,  
And wonder and adore.



## THE FALL.

'Twas summer in the glorious Eastern land,  
The garden of the blessed and happy pair;  
Fair Eden was submerged in sunset's glow,  
Adam and Eve were calmly resting there.

Sudden, fair Eve got up with hasty step,  
And turning to a pathway fringed by flowers,  
She stood before the mystic tree of life,  
And, looking, yearned to know its wondrous powers.

The tree of life bore waving, green-ribbed leaves,  
And flowers of crimson, glowing in the light;  
Eve looked and sighed: "Fair tree, and pure as fair,  
Would I could read thy secrets deep this night."

The tree of knowledge near the life-tree grew;  
Its flowers were of a gleaming snowy hue;  
Its golden fruit in luscious clusters hung;  
Eve stood entranced between the mystic two.

Just then a serpent of most wondrous shape  
Peered down upon her from a gnarled branch:  
"Fair Eve," he thus began, in plaintive tone,  
"Would you not like your knowledge to enhance?"

"Eat of this glorious fruit; one golden meal  
Will place you on a level with the sky.  
Fear not to touch it; Paradise was meant  
To feed immortals,—only mortals die."

Eve took the fruit, and thanked the charming snake  
Which had so kindly helped her to her fate;  
Eve ate the fruit and found the taste sublime;  
She gathered more, and ate till it was late.

Filling her hands,—she had no lap to fill,—  
She then returned to Adam, and bid him taste  
The golden fruit which were to them forbidden;  
Adam enjoyed the fruit, but not in haste.

The wily serpent laughed in fiendish glee,—  
He knew a little more than they could tell;  
Gifted with instincts and perceptions keen,  
He chuckled to himself, "I know full well."

The Holy One walked on the earth at eve;  
He sought the garden's cool, sequestered shade:  
"Adam, where art thou? Hide not from me here!"  
Adam was hidden in the leafy glade.

Out from the friendly leaves, in wretched plight,  
Our father Adam came forth with humble air;  
Poor Eve came next, more timid yet more brave;  
Poor mother Eve! 'twas sad to see her there.

"The woman gave me fruit, and I did eat."

"Avaunt thee, cringing Adam, type of man!  
Admire fair Eve, but cover her with shame,  
Place all the blame upon her that you can."

"The serpent gave me fruit, and I did eat,"

Sighed forth poor Eve. She took the blame off man.  
A double burden since she still doth bear,  
A double load o'erspreads her tethered span.

The serpent, crawling, bears its own sad curse;  
The man, less brave, shirks half; so there remains  
The other half for woman, besides her own,  
And what has she e'er reaped for all her pains?

## MIDNIGHT.

DEEPENING midnight, dismal midnight,  
Dark thy hours are one by one;  
Slowly comes each weary feeling,  
Warning thoughts are o'er me stealing,—  
Would thy dreary hours were done.

Slumbering midnight, lowering midnight,  
Weird and strange are all thy hours;  
Dismal tales are of thee telling,  
Horror fills the empty dwelling  
Where are doubly felt thy powers.

Dreary midnight, weary midnight,  
Often I have felt thy power;  
Watching lone while others slumbered,  
All thy moments have I numbered,  
Waiting for thy waning hour.

Sable midnight, mournful midnight,  
Fitful is thy transient spell;  
Sufferers on the bed of sorrow,  
Waiting for the coming morrow,  
Restless, count thy passing knell.

Weary midnight, deep-toned midnight,  
    Sadly do thy moments pass;  
Swiftly to the tired one, sleeping,  
Slowly to the worn one, weeping,  
    Fall the sand-wreaths of thy glass.

Welcome midnight, silent midnight,  
    Oh, how oft I court thy shade!  
Couldst thou see my weary anguish,  
As for peace and thee I languish,  
    Midnight, thou wouldst never fade.

Gloomy midnight, sleeping midnight,  
    With thy sable arch o'erhead;  
Emblem of the last calm slumber,  
When from out the living number  
    We are silent with the dead.

TWOFOLD LIFE.

OUR life is twofold : daylight holds one part  
 And midnight holds another ; thus two scenes  
 Are gathered into one,—the mystic half  
 Is all but hidden in our untold dreams.

But whither goes the soul when, hushed in sleep,  
 The body seeks its needful nightly rest?  
 Does it reanimate some other frame?  
 Does it seek shelter in some kindred breast?

The earthly casket, wrapped in silent sleep,  
 Can o'er the spirit hold no potent power ;  
 Then, as the restless spirit has no sleep,  
 Say, whither does it sojourn in that hour?

Does it live o'er again in other form  
 The scenes and sympathies of daily life?  
 Or does it live a life apart, remote  
 From everything connected with this strife?

Say, if the soul returns to its own sphere,  
 When death's cold touch enshrouds the living form,  
 May it not, in the mimic form of death,  
 Revisit, in stray peeps, its former bourn?

Or, if impelled by some despotic fiend,  
Some unit of remorse or direful hate,  
Will it not come to goad its fleshly form  
To some fell deed, impelled by its dark fate?

Those midnight flights which bodies make in sleep  
Are only made by souls who can't escape  
The trammels of their earth-born coverings;  
Such souls rebel and murmur at their fate.

Such souls long to be free, but by some power  
Of God or fiend, their freedom is not given;  
Therefore they rouse the sleeping flesh to strife,  
Therefore the mortal covering is riven.

Whate'er entwines the soul in waking dreams,  
If all-absorbing and yet unfulfilled,  
Returns again in midnight's wandering scenes,—  
The soul is fettered by the will instilled.

Souls governed by remorse will seek the shades  
Where agony impressed its fearful hue;  
Such bodies must accompany their souls,—  
The element of horror binds the two.

Souls crossed in love o'erstep in midnight dreams  
The space which intervenes in mundane life;  
Such souls meet when the darkness overpowers,  
And slumber has engulfed the mortal strife.

## TO QUEEN MARY.

(At Linlithgow.)

CHILD of misfortune! Scotia's loveliest queen!

How often here have thy light footsteps played!

How often, by the midnight moon's pale beam,

Around thy lake's cool waters hast thou strayed!

Child of misfortune! born in troubled times,

Nurtured in strife, unfortunate as fair;

Thy life more suited, far, for sunnier climes;

Thy nature passionate as southern air.

Illustrious Mary! lives there even a name

More hallowed to a Scottish heart than thine?

From ages downward still thou wilt remain,

Undimmed thy beauteous lustre through all time.

Reflect, ye stern historians of fame;

Pause ere ye blame the memory of the fair;

Think of her troubled life, her fated name,

Her virgin heart, bestowed without her care.

Think on those years on dark Loch Leven's isle,

The gladness of her heart crushed by her woes;

Her life passed wearily in durance vile,

To satisfy the cruelty of her foes.



Think of her beauty, exquisite as rare,  
Her form replete with every womanly grace;  
Think of her bloody death,—that one so fair  
Should bear the sufferings of her fated race.

Linlithgow! I can see thee in the hour  
When first her infant eyelids oped to light;  
I see thy palace fair, thy lofty tower,  
Still sacred by the memories of that night.

Each castle loved by her in by-gone years,  
Each time-worn ruin, hallowed by her name,  
Seems sacred by the agony of her tears,  
Or haunted by the lustre of her fame.

## TO —.

DEEP in the hollow swamp, in endless sleep,  
She slumbered on, nor felt the touch of night;  
The sweet refreshing breeze breathed not for her,  
Her blue eyes waked no more to early light.

The yielding ground bent not beneath her weight,  
But softly raised each spray of clustering leaves;  
The wild vine weaved its tendrils o'er her hair,  
The drooping rush-flower for her silence grieves.

The weeping-willow bent in sudden grief;  
Its solemn tresses kissed her marble brow;  
It seemed to suffer what she once had borne,  
And in its borrowed woe was stricken now.

The river murmured, and its endless voice  
Seemed but the echo of her dying moan;  
I heard in its unceasing monotone  
Her weird death-cry, for evermore alone.

Alone, for he who dealt the fatal blow  
Stayed not to hear the death-wrung agony;  
Only the willow-birds, whose plaintive note  
Answered her with their endless melody.

O kindly moon, shed o'er that sacred spot  
Ofttimes the reflex of thy chastened beam;  
And if, betimes, her spirit lingers there,  
Illume its pathway with thy shadow's gleam.

O tender flowers, who bore on thy soft sprays  
The gentle burden of her dying form,  
Die not, but bloom with purer, sweeter hues;  
Forget not thou thy trust in winter's storm.

O morning sunbeams, spare one golden shower  
To tinge the wakening leaves with glittering light;  
Perchance her spirit from its upward home  
May on thy Orient shadow rest its flight.

O gentle birds, sing from thy leafy home  
A requiem o'er the spot where once she lay;  
Perhaps on thy pure music may be sent  
An answer from the world where cherubs stay.

**A NIGHT-VISION.**

DIMLY the night's dark shadows fall,  
Throwing on earth sleep's friendly pall;  
Yet was I not sleeping, when lo! he came,  
Beautiful, clad in a robe of flame,—  
Beautiful, yet so strange.

Was he a sprite from some fallen star,  
Seeking his way to his home afar?  
Was he an angel from world unknown,  
Trying to fly to his far-off home?—  
Was he a spirit of light?

Was he a fiend in an angel form,  
Coming to earth in a tempest storm;  
Seeking to scatter more seeds of pain  
Ere his dark resting-place he could regain?—  
Was he a spirit of night?

Angel or devil, whichever thou art,  
What are the instincts which rule thine heart?  
Wilt thou allure me to further woe?  
Wilt thou engulf me to shades below?  
If so, fair devil, fly hence.

Hence, mocking spirit, thy clear, bright eye  
Cannot deceive me, I fear not to die;  
Subtle deceiver, thy transcendent power  
Serves but the light of thy visage to lower.  
If thou art demon, fly hence.

Yet, 'neath the depths of thy mocking smile  
Lurks there no trace of malignant guile?  
Oh, may I trust thee for good or ill?  
Dare I to thee bend my unbent will?—  
Beautiful spirit, stay near.

Down in the depths of thy mystic sphere  
Didst thou my mournful repining hear?  
Were thy keen senses more keen than heaven?  
Hadst thou more grief for the weary laden?—  
Pitiful devil, stay near.

Beautiful demon, I kneel to thee,  
Fair and bright as the mystic three;  
Noble and true as the angels of light,  
Too long have I wandered in mental night,—  
Now, wonderful demon, I come.

## SOMNUS.

'Tis day, but in that cavern's rayless depths  
No faintest stream of light relieves the gloom;  
'Tis sunlight, but the reflex of heaven's ray  
Finds no responsive shadow in that tomb.  
Dark, cold, and death-like, 'reft betimes of breath,  
Lies Somnus slumbering, twin-brother he of Death.

Beyond the sombre cave the light of heaven  
Serves to illumine the entrance, starred with flowers;  
Not gay-plumed herbs or flowers of love's bright hues,  
But gloomy plants, whose breathing overpowers:  
Henbane and poppy, in whose slumbering cell  
Narcotics lurk and Morpheus' shadows dwell.

Upon a black-draped couch, of antique form,  
The god of sleep rests on his downy bed;  
A chaplet of green hops and poppies red  
Wreathes the dark ringlets of his massive head;  
The vapors from the sleep-fraught herbs around  
A fetid odor breathe, unblessed, profound.

Morpheus stands near to watch his dreaming lord;  
Yet, not like him, no drowsy sleeping air  
Pervades his youthful form or watchful eye;  
The sleeping god receives his tireless care.

Blessed god! whose endless slumbers never cease,  
Whose soft oblivion gives tired mortals peace.

Around his couch are shadowy, changing forms,  
Some clad in the pure garb of infant years;  
Sweet rippling smiles play round those sinless lips,  
And tiny hands wipe off the light-shed tears.  
The dreams of childhood are those sweet forms called,  
From Somnus' flowers they fragrant powers exhaled.

And others hover round that slumbering god:  
One, in whose chilly hand is clasped hot steel,  
Whose nightly mission is to curse our race,  
And in sleep's form our best emotions steal,  
Replacing in their stead his visions dread.  
His name is "Nightmare!" veil his awful head.

Radiant and lovely as the infant dreams  
Are those angelic forms whose floating hair  
Encircles, like a halo, their pure eyes,  
And whose light touch awakes the sleeping air.  
Those are the morning dreams; Aurora's light  
Has even off Somnus swept the pall of night.

And yet another figure, grim and cold,  
Stands in the silent shade; the shining bone,  
Unclad by living flesh or garments thin,  
Reveals the startling skeleton alone.

That is the god of Death, twin-born with Sleep,  
Alike they share that cavern's mysteries deep.

And round that dark-robed couch are other forms,  
Still shadowy, but not with rosy light;  
Beings whose scorched features thrill with pain,  
And whose unhallowed souls would blacken night.  
These are the offshoots of the dark god "Sleep,"  
When shuddering midnight stirs his slumbers deep.

O sleeping god! tired nature fain would wield  
The power that always sways thy darkened home;  
O blesséd god! worn nature would instil  
Into her sleepless sons thy powers unknown.  
Sleep-flowers, breathe thy weird odors o'er his head;  
Dream-visions, weave thy bright forms round his bed.



## TO DR. —.

BRAVE little mother, whose majestic power  
Of calm endurance crowns thee with esteem;  
Thy wondrous motherhood reveals thy faith,  
And marks an era in the scientist's dream.

What tumults must have filled thy beating heart  
When the dread hour arrived which sealed thy doom!  
No Stoic could have borne with greater nerve  
The hour which freed thee or prepared thy tomb.

How wouldst thou greet the babe which was to thee  
The sign that life for thee had not yet fled?  
For ere thy bud expanded into bloom  
Thou might'st have been forever with the dead.

And thou, brave R——, whose magic knife  
Snatched the unconscious infant from its grave;  
Æsculapius scarce could match thy dexterous hand,  
Armed with the power born in thy heart to save.

Nature, o'erburdened, sank beneath the load;  
Science stepped in, and, with an equalled skill,  
Vanquished the throes of two untimely deaths;  
The surgeon's art repelled the tyrant's will.

R—, thy skill has earned for thee a name  
Unrivalled in the obstetrics of the land;  
European shores would crown thy fame  
With laurels from Olympia's classic strand.

Infant, I hail thee as a mystic orb,  
A cross between crude nature and steeled art;  
In the bright portals of thine azure eyes  
I trace the future impulse of thy heart.

Live thou, and in the future of thy life  
Take from thy sire the contour of thy frame;  
But in thy soul remember her whose life  
Was yielded, if heaven willed so, for thy name.

## THE WITCH.

THERE in the dark she sits alone,  
Brooding o'er fate till her eyes are dim,  
Muttering some old-time warlock dirge,  
Wrathful, and lowering her eyebrows grim.  
What is it stirs her withering ire,  
As she sits alone by the flickering fire?

"Some one will cross my door this night,  
Some one with blood on his noble hand;  
Some one will go on her knees this night,  
And she of the fairest that walks this land.  
But oh! will the white and the red hand meet?  
Could I smite them both at my envious feet?

"Howl, east wind, bring from torrid plain  
A breath of the sulphur which breathes of death.  
Turn in thy socket, thou old, grim skull,  
And emit from grave's portals one fetid breath.  
Croak, black raven, thy boding tone  
Best suits my ears when I am alone.

"Not for me ever the lark's sweet song,  
Or the yorlin's chant on the heathery hill;  
But the wild-cat's howl and the raven's croak,  
And the screech-owl's shrill, appalling wail,

And the sickening howl of the spectre-hound  
As he smells death come from the hollow ground.

“Heap on turf, burn, thou torpid flame,  
I will need thine aid for my love-fraught spell.  
Red are the drops of the reptile blood,  
And dismal the ground where the mandrakes dwell.  
The fair maid’s heart has been lightly won,  
And the lover’s part has been surely done.

“Boil ye, bubble ye, love meets pain;  
With mystic herbs and devilish arts  
Stir ye, whirl ye round once again;  
Death meets not the touch of the queen of hearts;  
Yet better the grave than the false lover’s vow,  
A broken heart and a brazen brow.

“Hark! ’tis a knock at my lowly door.  
Enter, fair sir, my humble domain.  
What seek’st thou from the blasted witch  
But a curse for the hand which caused the pain?  
Aha! there is blood on thy lordly face,—  
Blood which proclaims thine own disgrace.

“Hush! speak not now; two hours ere this  
I saw thee slay, in no open way,  
A weaker man, whose maimed right arm  
Could not win for him a victory.

Coward, you smote with a poisoned dart,  
And I saw the dagger stab his heart.

"But give me gold and I'll guide thee clear  
From the hangman's hand and the felon's cell.  
My master aids his servants here,  
And in the end we are always well.  
Just grasp my hand with thine own, and feel  
What the witch can do with her arm of steel."

He looked at her fingers, long and slim,  
And he grasped her hand; but the awful yell  
Which came from his bloodless, quivering lips  
Might have come from the fiends of the lower hell.  
When he looked in the palm of his noble hand  
There was left the impress of a burning brand.

A bleeding heart burned on his nervous palm.  
"Now," said the witch, "wherever you roam,  
On this fatal day I will call you back  
By the burning pain to your ghost-driven home.  
Free wilt thou be of the torturing pain  
Till the turn of this fatal hour again.

"You are mine by that mark on your murderous hand,  
But I prove to my lover a queenly spouse.  
Take thy gold, go hie thee to distant land,  
But forget not the hour of thy blood-stained vows.

Thou lov'st not the locks of thy bride's gray hair,  
And her toothless jaws are but grimly fair.

"But Madeline's heart is dead to thee.

Start not, for I saw her bury it deep  
In the grave thou mad'st 'neath the hollow tree,  
And she cast it down with her love to sleep.  
But another life, ere thou comest again,  
Will avenge thee the draught of thy endless pain."

Scarce had his footsteps died away

When a maiden rapped at the sunken door.  
A lovely maiden with golden hair  
Entered softly and kneeled on the earthen floor.  
Her sad eyes are lustrous and tender gray,  
And her voice quivers soft as the moonlight ray.

"Mother, I come to invoke thine aid.

Oh! I am mournful and weary of heart."  
"Daughter, kneel not, but recline thee here  
And look at me; nay, why shouldst thou start?  
Aha! the love-tinge on thy telltale brow  
Tells me the tale of a broken vow.

"He is dead, and thy unborn babe can't claim

What is dearest on earth to a high-born child,  
An honest birth and a lawful name,  
For the heart is dead that thy heart beguiled.

You loved too deep in yon wood's dark shade;  
The wind-sighs told me such vows would fade.

"And the other bridegroom thy father chose  
Has fled with blood on his maddened hand.  
See what the power of thy gray eyes wrought;  
A curse has come on this weary land.  
A burning heart on thy babe's fair breast  
Shalt thou give to him in thy midnight rest."

"Retract the curse, thou wicked old witch,  
The curse bequeathed on mine.  
My babe shall bear his dear sire's name  
And on my knees recline.  
Oh, say not thou the dark, deep grave  
Covers over his head!—holy Virgin, save!"

Down she sank as the fell old witch  
On her hand let a blood-drop fall;  
'Tis the life-blood saved from her lover's heart,  
And it seems like his funeral pall.  
Fair Madeline leaves the haunted domain,—  
Her heart is forever broken in twain.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the deadly return of the fatal day,  
And Sir Bertram comes back once more;  
Brought back by the burn of the scathing brand  
To his own ancestral shore.

He goes to the witch's quaint old home,  
And she waits his return, but not alone.

A coffin rests black on the pallet bed ;

He uncovers the pall, and who is there?  
Fair Madeline with the golden hair,  
Lying so still and so cold and so fair,;  
On her breast a babe with a blood-red brand,  
But no golden ring on her white left hand.



## WISSAHICKON.

O'er the rustling ground is falling  
Golden autumn's red-hued leaves;  
O'er the lucid waters bending  
Willow-plumes their tresses weave;  
Bluebirds sing their last sad requiem  
For the fall so grand and sere;  
Haste the nuts to leave their home-bourn,  
For the winter's drawing near.

O my shadow Indian maiden,  
Weep once more thy last lament;  
Here thy brethren of the prairie  
Pitch no more their forest-tent;  
Never more by Wissahickon  
Will the Indian maiden sing;  
Never more its echoes waken  
To her voice's plaintive ring.

O'er the Schuylkill's placid waters  
Skims no more the light canoe,  
Darting lightly, steered by skilled hand,  
O'er the water's liquid blue;

Now no more the wood-smoke, curling  
 From the wigwam's ample fold,  
 Leaves a trace of dusky vapor  
 On the sunset's fading gold.

Weep, O dark-eyed Indian maiden,  
 For the wrongs thy tribes have borne;  
 Wail thou for the fair dominions  
 From thy chieftain fathers torn.  
 Ah! no more by Wissahickon  
 Will the Indian maiden sing;  
 Never more its echoes waken  
 To her voice's plaintive ring.

Here no more the Indian warrior  
 Starts the game from rocky glen;  
 Here no more the Indian war-whoop  
 Sounds aloud o'er vine-clad fen;  
 Here no soft moccasined footstep  
 Skims the ground at even-tide,  
 As of yore the dusky warrior  
 Stooped to woo his dark-eyed bride.

To the silent land of shadows,  
 To the home of Indian braves,  
 Have the noble red men vanished,  
 'Reft of even a warrior's grave.

Never more, fair Wissahickon,  
Will thy gushing waters float;  
Never more give back the ripple  
Of the swarthy warrior's boat.

As I muse by thy clear waters  
Indian forms are round me still;  
Dusky shadows from the moonlight  
Glide around my sight at will.  
Now a stately brave whose shadow  
Swift recalls the far-off past,  
When those gray rocks shrilly echoed  
Indian war-whoop's trumpet blast;

Now a dusky squaw at evening  
For the night's repast prepares;  
Now a tiny Indian pappoose  
Claims its anxious mother's cares.  
Shrilly, mournfully, one echo  
Now alone those wild rocks claim:  
'Tis the melancholy beauty  
Of the whippoorwill's refrain.

Moonlight, shin'st thou still as gently  
As thou didst in by-gone times?  
Or dost in thy slumbering shadows  
Lurk some rays from other climes?

Didst thou pale from thy bright silver  
When the white man's cloven foot  
First compelled the legal rulers  
To uplift their forest root?

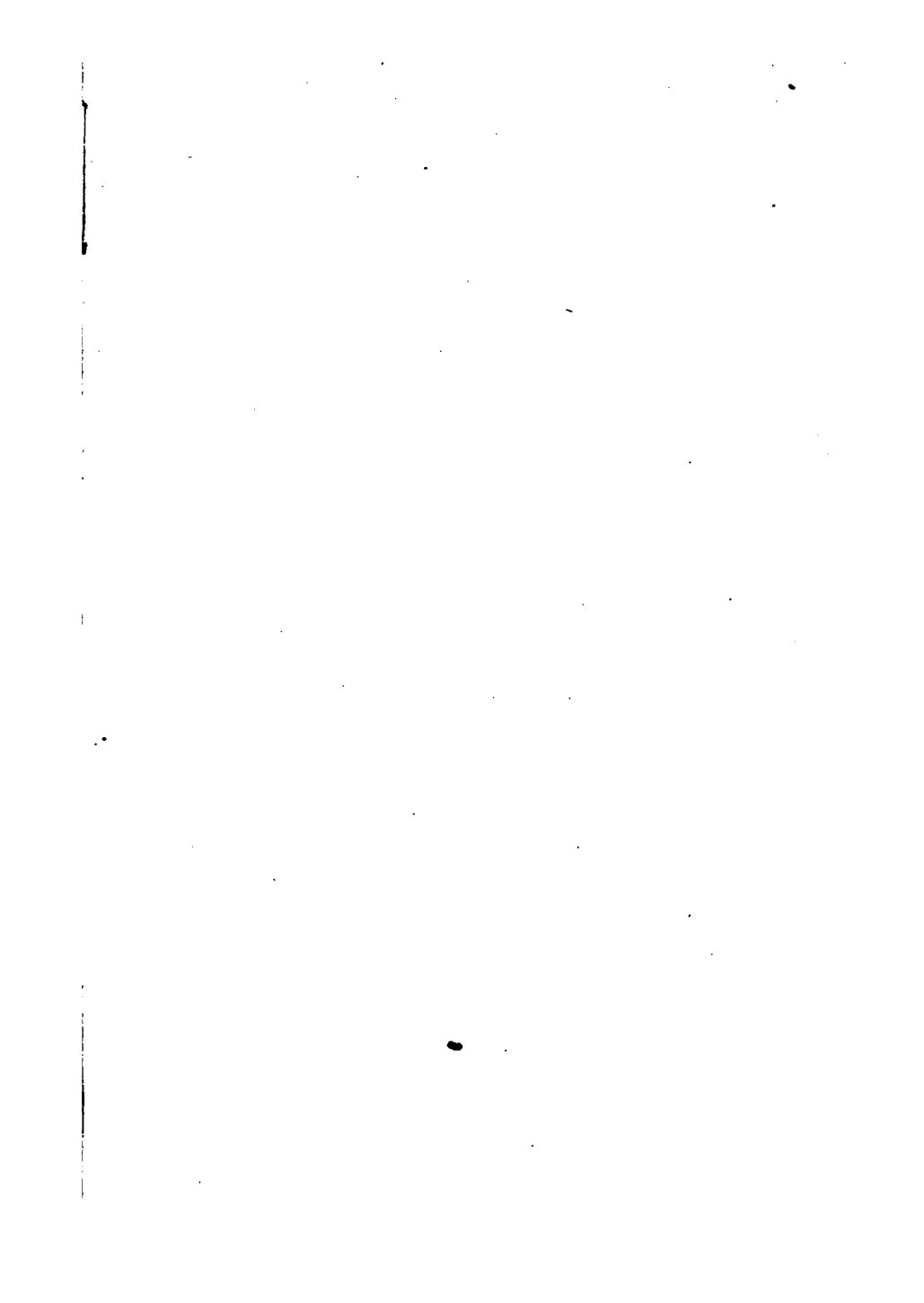
Driven from all their proud dominions,  
Turned adrift to seek new plains,  
Harshly used as needy outcasts,  
How their treasured hate remains!  
Ah! fair Wissahickon, I ponder  
Sadly, as I watch thy waves,  
That no more by thy deep forests  
Linger homes of Indian braves.

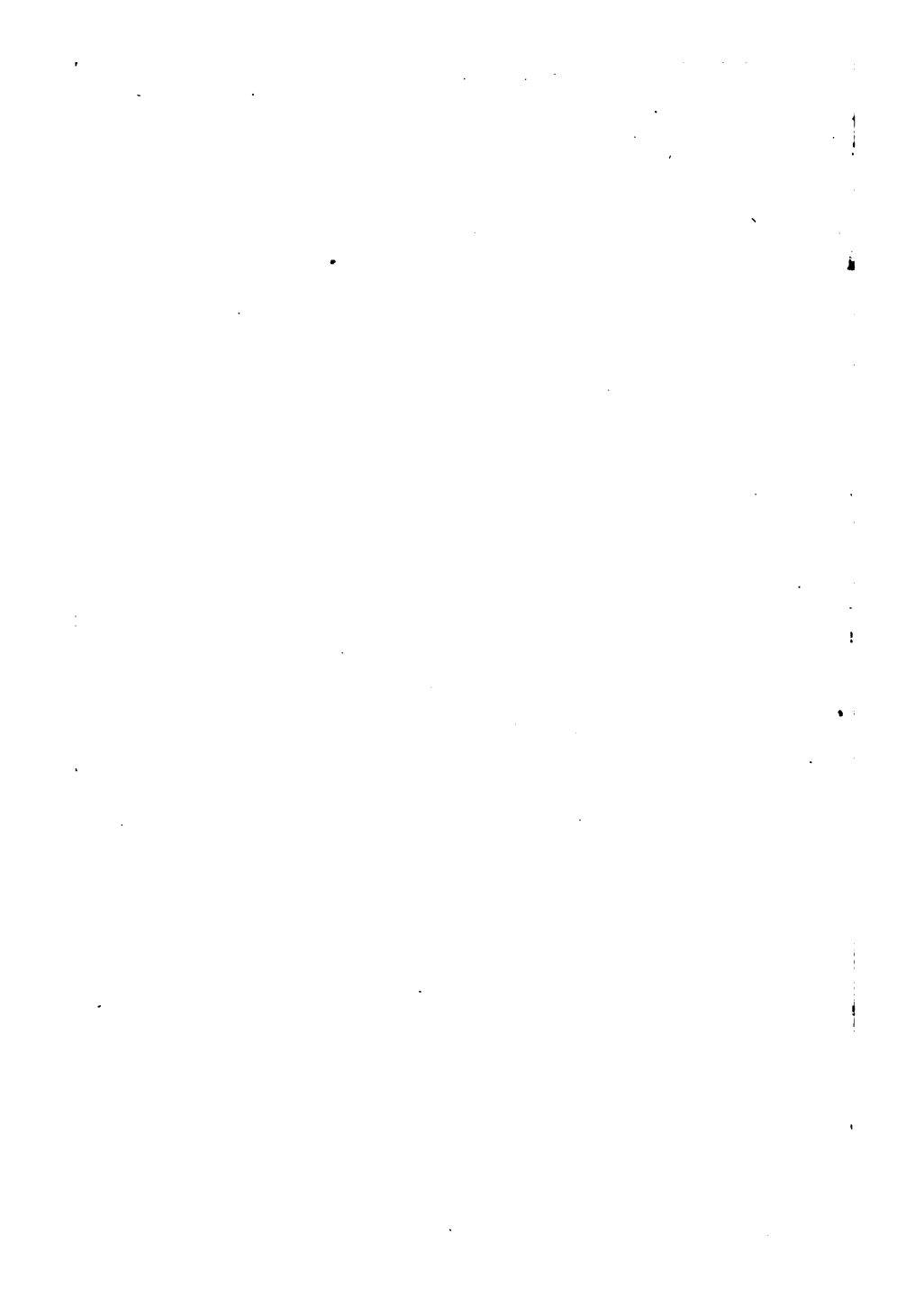
Banished, and no trace remaining  
Save the gray rock's time-worn stone;  
Banished, and no sound revealing  
Save the wild-bird's note alone.  
Silently I sadly wander  
O'er thy crisping russet leaves,  
Feeling in my heart's emotion  
That the Indian warrior grieves,

Even in his far hunting valley,  
For the silvery fountain's note,  
As around his silent spirit  
Dreaming shadows softly float.

Wissahickon, let the grandeur  
Of thy by-gone Indian dreams  
Still allure the poet stranger  
To thy glorious western scenes.

THE END.









1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

